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The Shape of Things

THE SUPREME COURT IN A FEW WELCOME decisions yanked Tom Girdler and Henry Ford out of their complacent sitdown against the National Labor Relations Board. In the Mackay radio case it upheld the board's order for the reinstatement of locked-out workers; it established the principle of continuity of employment for workers who are on strike, assuring them of their right to the protection of the Wagner Act; and—attention, Mr. Ford and Mr. Girdler—it held that the board's failure to enter an intermediate trial examiner's report did not in itself amount to lack of due process of law. The decision shows that the court is not insistent on any one particular procedure but is concerned only with the general necessity of informing a defendant of the nature of the charges. This reveals the Labor Board's recent move for a rehearing of five of its cases, including Ford and Republic Steel, as an attempt to make assurance doubly sure. In another important order, bearing even more directly on the arrogance of Tom Girdler, the Supreme Court ordered the three judges of the Third Circuit Court of Appeals to appear and give their reasons for their injunction preventing the Labor Board from proceeding farther with the Republic case. The judges of the third circuit are notorious for their judicial delays and their reactionary decision. The Supreme Court's order, the more striking because it is rare, is not only a rebuke to them but a warning to all lower federal judges that they must fall into line with the court's new liberalism.

IN THESE LATTER DAYS, WHEN THE MOBS in Hague's Reich stamp the Constitution into the dirt of Journal Square and the President of the United States dismisses the incident as a "local police matter," we tend more and more to regard the La Follette committee as one of the chief remaining bulwarks of our diminished liberties. Quietly and indefatigably it continues to unearth the practices of the Hagues and Girdlers of the country and to spread them before the eyes of all who dare to see. The committee is responsible, for instance, for the first criminal prosecution to take place

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under the Wagner Act. A large number of coal companies, mine executives, and officers of the law in Harlan County, Kentucky, are now on trial, charged with conspiring to deprive the workers of their right to join unions and bargain collectively. The trial grew directly out of the evidence presented to the civil-liberties committee last year of open terrorism used to coerce the miners. But the work of the committee will stop unless $60,000 is voted by Congress to continue its existence. Every Senator and Congressman should be told that, whatever else is left undone by the present session, the La Follette committee must get its appropriation.

*

IN HIS SPEECH AT GENOA LAST SATURDAY Mussolini put the democracies in their place—all of them, including the United States—and we find a sort of perverse satisfaction in his performance. They deserved to be insulted, and they were; they deserve to be outtraded and undoubtedly they will be. In spite of a few kind words about Chamberlain and the British-Italian agreement his speech was a clear announcement that he and Hitler were not to be bought off, either from their separate aims or from each other. Why should they be when by exercising a little mutual forbearance they can satisfy their major ambitions without resort to a general war for which neither one is prepared? Spain is sold out for their joint benefit; Mussolini's Ethiopian conquest is about to be recognized at the instigation of the countries that pretended to oppose it; and at this moment the virtual capitulation of Czechoslovakia to Hitler is being arranged by back-stairs negotiation. And in return for what? It is now quite apparent that when the dictators met they resolved most of their differences and can now face the rest of Europe with unimpaired arrogance and bargaining power. That these differences are profound and may ultimately cause trouble we have already pointed out, but for the present they will be held in strategic abeyance. Meanwhile France is prepared to close the Spanish frontier at Britain's demand, while the United States has assured both these powers of its readiness to aid in the final betrayal of Spain. In other and fewer words, peace will last in the rest of Europe as long as the "so-called great democracies" (we quote Mussolini) have one more small nation to give to the dictators.

*

HERR HENLEIN'S MISSION IN LONDON WAS "unofficial" and his talks were "private" and he met personages outside the Cabinet; but for all practical purposes this leader of a threatening Nazi minority in a friendly country was treated like a visiting statesman, a man who could properly engage in diplomatic conversations and negotiate deals involving the fate of Europe and his own country. The actual substance of his negotiations is not known; he is said to have been "reasonable" in his demands and "moderate" in his threats. That he should have been received at all is a fantastic symptom of the times; but it is a logical sequel to the treatment of the fascist rebel Franco by governments supposedly on friendly terms with the legal government of the Spanish republic. The obvious fact is that Britain is attempting a difficult triple play: it is endeavoring to give Henlein (and Hitler) all the concessions that can be extracted from Czechoslovakia, while inducing Hitler (and Henlein) to refrain from armed action that might result in war, while pressing France to go back on its pledged word to Czechoslovakia in case both efforts finally fail. If Henlein can be made useful in this complicated maneuver, the Chamberlain government is not likely to examine his credentials too closely.

*

JAPAN'S SUCCESS IN CUTTING THE LUNGHAI railway has placed the 250,000 Chinese troops defending Hsuchow in a serious but not hopeless position. It was a foregone conclusion that the railway would ultimately be cut, since China's army is not able to stand up against the full pressure of an offensive over a wide front. It is not yet clear whether the overland lines of communication are still open or not. If these have been cut also, many of the best units of the Chinese army will be isolated—and useless if the Japanese start a drive toward Hankow. By all the rules of military strategy this should be fatal for the Chinese cause. But China's greatest successes have been achieved by not following copybook maxims. If worst should come to worst, the trapped army could break up into guerrilla bands for operations behind the Japanese lines. The value of these tactics has been shown repeatedly in recent weeks. Units of the Eighth Route Army completely dominate a vast area outside of Peiping which was supposedly occupied by the Japanese last August. The greater part of Shansi, occupied by the Japanese in November and December, has been recaptured by guerrilla bands operating with the support of the peasants.

*

THAT JAPAN HAS RESOLVED TO THROW THE full power of its military machine against China in the hope of an early decision is indicated by the capture of Amoy and the threat to Foochow. A drive into Fukien with a view to cutting the Canton-Hankow railway would be an extremely costly adventure for Japan. It would greatly extend its lines of communication and invite disaster. But failure to cut the railroad might prove even more expensive in the long run. For the past five months this artery has furnished the lifeblood of Chinese resistance. Most of the arms, munitions, foodstuffs, and other essential materials reaching China from the outside

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world have been shipped over it. As an attack on Canton would involve unpleasant complications with Great Britain, the Japanese have little choice but to try to reach the railway farther north. The recent action of the League encouraging its members to furnish material aid to China, coupled with definite commitments from Britain and France, makes the maintenance of this line of paramount importance for China.

*

SIDNEY HILLMAN AND THE AMALGAMATED Clothing Workers of America appear to have taken over the office of peacemaker in the dispute between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., and at the convention of the Amalgamated in Atlantic City Mr. Hillman seemed to be laying the groundwork for a new attempt to bring the two groups together. A score of "rank-and-file" resolutions urged peace on the basis of industrial unionism in the mass-production industries. And Mr. Hillman's talk was all of peace. He said that though one conference had failed that did not mean that conferences are bound to fail; and he minimized the threat of increased warfare as a result of the projected permanent organization of the C. I. O. this fall. In this connection he cited the fact that the Amalgamated and A. F. of L. organizations maintained fraternal relations with one another when the Amalgamated was outside the federation, though the Amalgamated originated in a revolt against the United Garment Workers. He also pointed out that in an A. F. of L. strike in New York this winter an offer to settle if the C. I. O. took over the union was refused on the ground that it was an A. F. of L. affair. In general Mr. Hillman assumed the tone and tactics of the diplomat. Against the acrimonious exchanges that have taken place during the recent past between the two labor camps, his conciliatory, even casual approach sounded almost too hopeful, but it may bear fruit in the long run. As president of a union which has prospered both outside and inside the A. F. of L. and as an important official of the C. I. O., Mr. Hillman is in a good position to supervise bargaining between the two organizations.

*

THAT MEXICO MAY BECOME THE SPAIN OF the Western Hemisphere was suggested by a series of ominous developments during the past week. The British note of May 12 demanding immediate payment on overdue claims against the Mexican government was so unfriendly in tone that Cárdenas promptly withdrew his minister at London—after paying in full the amount demanded. Reports are being circulated in financial circles that Britain may seize tankers on the high seas if they are found to be carrying Mexican oil. Although the United States has been somewhat milder in its demands, added complications may arise if the Ford Motor Company carries out its threat to withdraw from Mexico unless the present strike of its employees is settled in its favor. Owing to the Anglo-American oil boycott, the internal situation in Mexico is becoming increasingly tense. Rumors are being circulated that General Cedillo, former Secretary of Agriculture and leader of a pro-fascist clique in the state of San Luis Potosi, is preparing to revolt. Although workers' and peasants' organizations have rallied to the support of the President, the situation is bound to remain uncertain until the oil controversy is settled. Mexico's offer to allow the British and American companies to handle 60 per cent of the oil production and to take part of this in payment for the expropriated holdings presents a reasonable basis for compromise. The foreign companies are equipped with an efficient marketing organization accustomed to handle the Mexican product, and it is logical that payment should be made in oil through existing channels. Since compromise seems to have dropped out of Chamberlain's vocabulary in this part of the world, the United States has a unique opportunity to demonstrate its good-neighbor policy by accepting Cárdenas's offer at least as a basis of negotiation. It is to be hoped that on this continent at any rate we may maintain a foreign policy of our own.

*

BRAZIL'S INTEGRALIST UPRISING HAD ALL the earmarks of a German-Italian intervention in the Americas. While not purely a product of the exceedingly active Latin-American Department of the German National Socialist Party, the Green Shirts are financed through German banks, equipped with German arms, and often drilled by German army veterans. As for the Italians, the Brazilian press reports the uncovering of proof that Mussolini had ordered the tremendous Italian colony in Brazil to support the Integralists. Thus the Rome-Berlin axis employs the Spanish-tested technique in its drive for power in Latin America, hoping that our State Department will not regard it as a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. The collapse of the Green Shirt rebellion indicates that the radical fascist groups in Brazil which want affiliation with the Anti-Comintern Alliance are too weak to seize power despite the regimented German and Italian colonies which stand behind them. Dictator Vargas has split the Brazilian fascist movement by giving high office to such prominent reactionary leaders as Filinto Muller, Goes Monteiro, and Francisco Campos. Although the November dictatorship in Brazil was established with Integralist support, it turned against its allies—largely on the question of foreign policy. Vargas considers friendship with the United States more important than an alliance with Germany because coffee is still a more important Brazilian export than cotton and because the huge South American republic urgently needs capital, which the Third Reich cannot provide.

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Hull of Downing Street

JUST to keep the record straight, let us affirm that Cordell Hull has in the past been a mild liberal and a man of good-will, anti-fascist in his utterances, believing in the sanctity of international obligations, obsessed with his pet trade agreements that would break down the post-war tariff walls. We want to keep the past record straight because Mr. Hull's letter to Senator Pittman, turning thumbs down on the Senate move to repeal the Spanish embargo, is in its direction and consequences one of the most reactionary state papers in the history of American foreign policy. When the story of Spain's heartbreaking effort to defend itself against fascist revolt from within and fascist invasion from without comes finally to be written, America's role in dooming that effort will stand out grimly. And while no one involved in the episode within the Administration ranks comes off well, Mr. Hull is undoubtedly the key figure. The letter is of his composing; the impetus and drive behind it are his; he must shoulder the responsibility.

And it is a grave responsibility. To refuse to take the chivalrous role toward a nation in Spain's position would be one thing. But to turn your back deliberately on that nation, in defiance of every principle of international obligation, and to do so at a time when growing sentiment in the Senate and among the people supports a belated act of justice to that nation—that is quite another matter. Oh, Mr. Hull gives reasons: there are always reasons to be found to clothe with a semblance of liberalism even the most reactionary and time-serving acts. We must be realistic, we must not become involved, we must not be hasty, we must not set ourselves against the judgment of Europe, we must not tackle the problem of the Spanish embargo by itself, we must take time, we must study the whole neutrality question, we must put the whole business off until the next session. And while we take time, while we are studying, men and women and children who have as much right to life and freedom as do high diplomats and statesmen face the death and mutilation not only of their bodies but of their entire culture. While we are studying, the world moves one step—and one decisive step—closer to the fascist mentality in international relations which if it prevails will in the end engulf America as well as Europe.

Consider the reasoning of the Hull letter. The Spanish Civil War, it says, has become more than a civil war; other countries have intervened under a policy of "non-intervention"; America must therefore do nothing to disturb that balance of forces; to do anything—even the legal and honorable thing—would be to run the risk of precipitating retaliatory action by the non-interventionist interveners, and thus involve America in war.

One blinks one's eyes. Is this the Secretary of State of the Roosevelt Administration talking, or is it Neville Chamberlain's Foreign Secretary? There is not a single sentence in Mr. Hull's statement that might not with equal force have been written by Chamberlain or Halifax. There is not a single sentence in it that does not play directly into the hands of the rulers of Germany and Italy.

Examine the factors that have gone into the making of this decision, which reverses completely what has been the entire trend of Administration foreign policy. The determination of policy rests with the State Department, the President, and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. As for the State Department, the only conclusion possible is that it has been completely sold on the Chamberlain line. Certain officials in the State Department and in the diplomatic and consular corps have long had more or less concealed pro-Franco and pro-Hitler leanings, but they were on the defensive until Mr. Chamberlain captured Mr. Hull. Now they have only to clothe themselves in Mr. Chamberlain's peculiar brand of "realism" in order to produce exactly the same consequences as if they were openly pro-fascist. There has always been a strong Anglophile tradition among our diplomats—a sentimental preference for the predatory gentility of the British ruling class. Now this can appear in the guise of keeping America out of war. Mr. Hull, whose past record is honorable, is now indistinguishable from the least desirable State Department tradition. This process of *Gleichschaltung* has undoubtedy been aided by the Secretary's anger at what he has called the "left-wing lobby" behind the move to lift the embargo. And to these factors must be added the assiduous work of Ambassadors Kennedy and Wilson in the interests of the Chamberlain line.

As for the President, his primary motivation is the fear of offending the powerful Catholic vote in the Congressional elections. It is not a noble motivation, and it represents one of the worst instances of Roosevelt opportunism in the history of the Administration. As far as the Senate committee is concerned, the majority was ready to vote for lifting the embargo if it could get the slightest encouragement from either the President or the Secretary of State. When the President lost courage and when Mr. Hull wrote a statement in which every sentence was a sledge-hammer stroke for reaction, the Senate committee collapsed.

The sum of the matter is that the State Department has become an annex of the British Foreign Office in a sense and to a degree that has not been true since 1917. The reactionary influence of the Catholic hierarchy in America is something that must be reckoned with on every issue, but the Chamberlain influence is likely from now on to be the more decisive one in our foreign policy. Mr. Hull has the convictions of a free-trade liberal and the tenacity of a hard-bitten Southerner. Intellectually and spiritually, however, he has moved his quarters to Downing Street.

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Betrayal at Geneva

TO SAY merely that the League has failed again is too easy an interpretation of the events of the past week at Geneva. Three great issues were before the Council: Ethiopia, Spain, and China. In accepting, ten to four, the ruling of Vilhelms Munters, its president, that it is for "individual members to decide" the question of recognition, the Council virtually capitulated to Italian aggression in Ethiopia. For all practical purposes, the principle of refusing recognition to illegal conquest was abandoned. In the same mood the Council turned a deaf ear to Spain's plea for the ending of "non-intervention." The resolution adopted in support of China was apparently a concession granted to prevent China from upsetting the apple-cart with regard to Spain. With this one exception, the betrayal of the principles on which the League was founded was complete.

This, however, is only half the story. Even in full retreat, the League has demonstrated its usefulness. If it were not for its existence, aggression would have gone not only unpunished but unopposed. As it was, the Soviet Union, China, New Zealand, and Bolivia were able to carry on a vigorous and impressive public fight against the cynical opportunism of the great powers. Even Haile Selassie, broken and ill in defeat, was given a platform from which to appeal to the conscience of the world. Moreover, in so far as the battle was for a principle, as well as for a policy, it was not wholly lost. Owing to the resistance of the four minority Council members, Britain was unable to get the League to rescind its ban on the recognition of Italy's conquests. Legally, the situation is unchanged. Ethiopia remains a member of the League with a right to appeal to the Assembly. Great Britain cannot recognize Mussolini's conquest without technically violating its obligations under the League Covenant.

Much the same situation exists with regard to the Spanish appeal. If it were not for the League, Britain could have gone ahead, virtually unimpeded and unnoticed, with its plan to cut the Spanish government off from supplies while the Italian and German volunteers were being counted. This would probably prove a final blow to the Loyalist cause. By adroitly playing his cards at Geneva, Del Vayo has at least delayed this plan. He may lose his fight in the end, but he has succeeded in placing full responsibility for the projected betrayal of Spain on Chamberlain, where it properly belongs.

In the struggle between the forces of law and anarchy at Geneva, the influence of the United States has been thrown almost wholly on the side of anarchy. It is true that Secretary Hull has announced that he has no intention of recognizing the conquest of Ethiopia regardless of the Council's action. But this announcement came after the damage had been done. In presenting the Anglo-Italian pact to the Council, Lord Halifax mentioned President Roosevelt's "peculiarly gratifying" statement in defense of his policy. Chamberlain has also stressed the President's approval in attempts to justify the pact in the House of Commons. Far more serious has been the effect of Hull's statement opposing the Nye resolution to lift the Spanish embargo. It is generally conceded that favorable action by the United States government would have strengthened Del Vayo's hand and might even have wrecked the discriminatory non-intervention policy. As it was, non-intervention was upheld by the League Council by an extremely close vote, four to two with nine abstentions. Thus Hull's untimely defense of the embargo may have sealed the fate of republican Spain. American critics of the League would do well to recall that in practically every crisis faced by that organization in the past seven years the influence of the United States has been thrown on the side of disunity and lawlessness. Ultimately we must pay a heavy price.

Honor Among Judges

A JOURNALIST writes an article attacking a Supreme Court justice and presenting as "authoritative" the view that his colleagues on the court are decidedly annoyed with him; the justice in question gets angry; another justice, whom gossip links with the "authoritative" article, issues a denial; the Chief Justice has meanwhile made a speech which seems pointed in the same direction as the article—or at least is so interpreted; the Secretary of Agriculture enters the fray because the Chief Justice had in the same speech made some sharp remarks about administrative rulings; finally the journalist, when the question direct is put to him, backs down and says it was all harmless hearsay. Such is the stuff of judicial politics, the stuff that is helping to break down the myth that judges are "men like gods."

Paul Y. Anderson, in his Washington dispatch printed elsewhere in this issue, has some pungent things to say concerning the article which Marquis Childs wrote for *Harper's* about Justice Black, and its effects on the court. The important fact is that Supreme Court justices are cruelly doomed to a relationship far more stifling than any other official relationship in Washington. Here are nine men, well on in age, whom the tradition of judicial objectivity cuts off from the rest of the world, and who are thereby sentenced to a monastic seclusion almost medieval in its compulsions. A man generally wants to talk to other people about his work and his hopes and his ideas. But a Supreme Court justice—except for what he may say to his clerk or his wife—is excluded from conversing with anyone else on the one thing he knows a great deal about. The result is an intense and intro-

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verted atmosphere among the judges themselves that would make a women's bridge club or a small-town faculty group seem a haven of freedom by comparison.

That is why honor among judges dictates that they must not talk about one another to outsiders. For ultimately they have to live together. It is no accident that this excellent rule was apparently broken in this particular instance. Last year's fight over Justice Black, unparalleled in its bitterness, could not help carrying over to the court itself. The gossip that Mr. Childs set down in his article may or may not have been true: but whatever its truth, it has not made matters any easier for the justices themselves. And the feeling has undoubtedly been intensified by Chief Justice Hughes's speech before the American Law Institute.

The issue that the Chief Justice raised about the judicial temper and impeccable procedure required in quasi-judicial administrative boards can be argued out on its own merits. We don't happen to like the unction about judicial objectivity that drips from the Chief Justice's entire speech; and we regard Secretary Wallace's comeback, pointing out that Justice Hughes had himself switched on the very issue of procedure that he was referring to, as very much to the point. What was unpardonable, however, was the section of the Chief Justice's speech that seemed to be aimed at his colleague Justice Black. Justice Hughes went out of his way to praise his colleagues, now retired, Mr. Van Devanter and Mr. Sutherland. He praised them for their learning and their excellent training in the law. And he went on to make some pointed references to judges who lack such training and learning. It may have been, as Mr. Anderson suggests, the usual harmless stuffed-shirt talk. But coming right in the midst of the controversy over the Childs article, about which the Chief Justice could scarcely pretend ignorance, it could not help being mischievous in its effect.

We have always felt that the campaign against Justice Black was partisan and unfair in the extreme. Now that he is established on the court, we plead for fair play for him—fair play by the press, the bar, and his own colleagues. His opinions, whether one agrees or disagrees with them, are undoubtedly history-making in their sweep and reasoning. If any fault is to be found with them, it is that they show a concern for the public interest on the part of Justice Black that has scarcely been matched in the annals of the court—a concern that may irritate his colleagues because its directness cuts athwart their accustomed routines and their vested ideas. If the court is to retain the liberalism which it has recently been showing, it needs Justice Black badly, and it needs more men with his social conviction. All that he needs in turn is a little more patience, and a facility for talking to his colleagues in their own language. Justice Black has had legal training enough. What he needs is a course in hallowed platitudes.

Hunger and Mrs. Hulswit

IN CLEVELAND last week a seventy-six-year-old woman fainted in front of a closed relief station. Although she had not eaten a decent meal in five days, her case evoked only momentary concern; she was identified as one of 75,000 who simply could not be fed. The city's relief funds had been exhausted, and it was useless for people to demand food. The woman was carried away as hundreds who stood behind her watched, perhaps wondering when the same thing would happen to them. Mayor Burton remarked ambiguously that "although there are no funds available, no one will starve."

On the same day Mrs. Charles L. Hulswit of Suffern, New York, led her "woman's rebellion" to another dramatic climax. Started as a protest against the spending program, the rebellion had been proceeding nicely with the help of the press and the Republican Party, but Mrs. Hulswit evidently felt that a new gesture was due. She hastened therefore to Rockland County, where strange reports of a "relief glut" were circulating. It was alleged that the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation had been furnishing over-supplies of foodstuffs to the unemployed and that their mood was virtually carefree. This reinforced Mrs. Hulswit's view; only that morning she had informed an interested press, "I can't get a man to mow my lawn for two or three dollars a day." The relief administrator challenged the rumors of a food "glut." He quietly insisted that the unemployed did want work; when seasonal jobs are available, he pointed out, relief rolls are cut in half. Mrs. Hulswit registered disbelief and posed for the photographers.

Mrs. Hulswit is a respectable, well-dressed woman who serves as a mouthpiece—wittingly or not—for even more substantial citizens. That her judgments coincide with those expressed in the Republican program immeasurably heightens her glamor. But the facts remain ugly, darkening the streets of American cities, staring out of the gaunt faces of hungry men.

As these lines are written, 38,000 Chicago families that endured the winter on an average dole of $28.52 per family a month face cessation of all assistance. Since May 1 the cities of Dayton and Columbus have had no money for relief. Toledo's unemployed have received no aid since April 1. In Cleveland only the neediest of the 75,000 have had any relief since May 1. They have received rations of butter and vegetables; nothing else. Unemployment has risen from 90,000 in October to 183,000 today. These cities have reached an advanced stage of the crisis provoked by "economy"—local and national. Perhaps by the time this appears, the "emergencies" will have been momentarily met; but only over the diehard resistance of the smug women who under Mrs. Hulswit carry on their crusade against "spending."

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Marquis Childs and Justice Black

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 16

OTHER justices of the Supreme Court apparently have reached the conclusion that the attacks on Justice Hugo L. Black have gone far enough. The most overt indication of this was a statement last week by Justice Stone's secretary sharply declaring that Justice Stone was not responsible for recent articles—one in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the other in *Harper's Magazine*—in which Justice Black was pictured as an incompetent jurist and a burden to his associates on the court. Both articles were written by Marquis W. Childs, a member of the Washington bureau of the *Post-Dispatch*, the article in *Harper's* obviously being an expansion and elaboration of that which had appeared several weeks earlier in the newspaper.

Justice Black

On the same day the disavowal was uttered in behalf of Justice Stone, Chief Justice Hughes delivered his annual address before the American Law Institute. In the course of these remarks he paid his respects to the usefulness of "the able and industrious judge, qualified by training, experience, and temperament for his office." He added: "It is the exceptions among the judges who, by their conspicuous ineptness, do the harm." In a number of newspapers these general statements were promptly related to the appointment of Justice Black, in a manner which could hardly allow readers to draw more than one inference. The truth is that the Chief Justice had no intention of reflecting on Justice Black. That should have been evident to anyone who knows much about the Chief Justice and his methods. However, if there was any doubt on the subject it would not have been difficult to ascertain the truth. I was able to ascertain it.

About the Childs articles there is a distinct element of mystery—a feeling that something is missing which would complete the picture. Childs and Stone are acquainted. The Justice is somewhat expansive, and it is no secret that he has been deeply concerned over institutional problems which the court has faced. He may have expressed to Childs concern over the possibility that Justice Black would expend his energy on objectives which could not be attained instead of on those which could. Of course, that is a far cry from imputing to Black a lack of "legal craftsmanship." In the magazine article the author went so far as to say that Black had caused his colleagues "acute discomfort and embarrassment," and that "deficiencies in background and training have led him into blunders which have shocked his colleagues on the highest court." All of which was promptly picked up and reprinted in scores of tory newspapers.

That Childs should find himself enmeshed in this net of circumstances is distressing to me, because we are old friends and colleagues. He is an able reporter and an extremely gifted writer, and his personal and professional reputation is excellent. Somewhere in this situation I seem to sense deficiencies of editorial judgment and alertness. It should have been fairly clear that an article purporting to reveal "the inner workings of the court," and purporting to represent justices as lamenting professional unfitness on the part of another justice, would be calculated to recoil. When a story kicks back, however, the reporter usually is the man who is hurt. In any case, it is reassuring to know that members of the court do not countenance personal attacks upon one of their number. When they differ, as doubtless they always will, their differences may be ventilated in the conference room or on the bench.

Chief Justice Hughes

The New Deal bandwagon, started rolling by the Florida primary, continues to take on passengers without stopping. The relief-recovery bill went through the House by a majority of more than four to one. The real test will come in the Senate, where fewer Democrats are running for renomination this year and where the mulish refusal of the public to accept reactionary leadership has made

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some of the members indifferent whether they come back or not. When the bill was proposed, all sorts of schemes were promptly set afoot to tie the President's hands by earmarking the funds and imposing conditions and restrictions on their allocation. Many of these plans appear to have been abandoned—since the Florida primary. Some conservatives are repeating that since the President must carry the responsibility, he should have the power; others vary it by saying (although privately) that since the responsibility is certain to ruin him in the end, they are delighted to see him get it.

Likewise, on the wage-hour bill, the issue probably will rest with the Senate. That certainly will be the case if the House passes it without inserting a provision to protect Southern sweatshops. It would be illuminating and valuable to discover how many Southern Senators were willing to wage a filibuster for that purpose. A bad vote is more easily forgotten—the filibuster tends to dramatize those who participate, and makes their participation easier to remember on Election Day.

What I said recently in this place on procedural errors by the Labor Board—if it has made any—still goes, but today's Supreme Court decision implies that such errors were not committed. In any case the efforts of counsel for Ford and Girdler to prevent the board from correcting any errors which it may have made strikes me as a confession of guilty knowledge. After all, the question is: Are they innocent or guilty? If they are innocent, it seems to me that all they would ask is that inequities of procedure be righted. Instead, they now appear to be in the position of demanding that, because a rule which has recently been interpreted was violated a long time ago, the board must forfeit the game. There is such a thing as justice to be considered. The board is preparing to take to the radio in its own defense. It is high time.

Columnists on Parade

VII HEYWOOD BROUN

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

HEYWOOD BROUN first topped my horizon when he came out to Montana to cover the Dempsey-Gibbons fight in 1923. At the time I was doing a little of everything except setting type on a small daily in the empire of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, and celebrities from New York, especially journalistic celebrities, were news. The big-time correspondents from the East lived in Pullman cars at Shelby, and the natives found them quite as fascinating as any troupe ever gathered together by Montana's famous circus owners, the Ringling Brothers. I read about them in the A. P. pony service that came galloping across state every day carrying the news of the fighters and the writers and a girl named Patricia Salmon.

In those carefree days Broun was columnist and critic for the old New York *World*. Large, genial, humorous, convivial, he was a natural and prominent habitué of the theatrical and journalistic Bohemia whose capital was the Algonquin Hotel. Alexander Woollcott also cut a large figure in that entertaining world, where the nights were filled with theater and the music of Thanatopsis poker chips, and the days were late getting started. It was the Bohemia of the successful, as opposed to the Greenwich Village of the lower or no-income brackets, and it was the goal of many an aspiring reporter. Broun had floated into it rather easily on the strength of his natural talents, after a versatile apprenticeship that included a little straight reporting, sports writing, book reviewing, and a turn as "a most indifferent and unhappy correspondent with the American army," to quote himself. He says that "natural indolence and the task of criticizing books made Broun a columnist" (he is fond of speaking of himself in the third person). His column, It Seems to Me, was that of a man about town who knew everybody and wrote about everything from politics to sports to books to the hazards of week-ending in the country; and with F. P. A.'s Conning Tower it was the principal feature of the *World's* famous "page opposite editorial." "Soon after his return to America [from France] he joined the *World* as columnist and dramatic critic [writes Broun] and remained there until he was fired for criticizing the editorial policy of the paper in an article for *The Nation*." The sentence covers a long span of Broun's development.

He left Harvard informally in 1910. He got a job on the *Morning Telegraph,* and, aside from a jaunt to China in connection with a press-agent stunt, he has worked for metropolitan newspapers ever since. In an amusing column in the *New Republic* some time ago Broun said that he became a red when, having heard the radical instalments of a course in political theories at Harvard, he missed the rebuttal because it came after the baseball

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season had started. As between Tris Speaker and the classroom struggle Broun's choice was unhesitating. And though his heart may have been in the right place, realities seem to have impinged little upon his rather charmed existence until the middle twenties. After the manner of Bohemians, the Algonquin crowd was liberal in a generalized sense, and censorship of any kind violated its specific and self-serving principle of tolerance. In 1922 Broun contributed to a volume of essays whose title "Nonsenseorship" indicates the tone as well as the preoccupation of his liberalism. In 1922 also he wrote a novel about an old newspaperman himself which showed at once the traditional ambition of newspapermen to be novelists—and Broun was no exception—and the "uneven development" of an easily arrived and not very profound sophisticate. In his book the newspaperman married a Spanish dancer and singer. The newspaperman wanted their son to be a newspaperman; instead he read "Ulysses," didn't care much for sports, and turned out to be a singer, half-Spanish. The book was called "The Boy Grew Older," but there were long stretches of adolescence. In the same year in a third-person preface to "Pieces of Hate," a collection, Broun wrote of himself:

> And Broun does not learn fast. Like most newspaper persons he is an extraordinary mixture of sophistication and naivete. At one moment he will be found belaboring a novelist or a dramatist for sentimentality, and on the next page there will be distinct traces of treacle in his own creative work.

Broun was very much the child, a rather spoiled child, both of his age and of his profession. And his development has followed the well-defined, almost fashionable, pattern of the American Bohemian going left—out of a warm-hearted but vague good-will toward "the oppressed" and very little formal knowledge of social questions.

A collection of columns covering the years 1925 to 1935 was published in the latter year. They show a growing preoccupation with social issues. It was in 1927 and 1928 that Broun's social conscience stood up on its hind legs and offered defiance to the *World*. He wrote two magnificent columns on the judicial murder of Sacco and Vanzetti and the Boston Brahmins who were their executioners. Ralph Pulitzer refused to print his further comment on that issue although, as Broun wrote at the time, "the curious part of the commotion lies in the fact that fundamentally the *World* and I were on the same side." He disappeared from its pages for a while although he later returned. Meanwhile he began writing for *The Nation,* and since then, with interludes, he has led a double-column life—in the big press and in *The Nation* or the *New Republic*. He was finally fired from the *World* for a piece he wrote in *The Nation* of May 4, 1928, criticizing the *World's* editorial policy. He went to the New York *Telegram* shortly afterward. In 1931 the *World* itself died. The *Telegram* bought the name, and Broun after all had the last word—a magnanimous one—in the *World-Telegram*.

His relations with Roy Howard have not been smooth. The growing illiberalism of Howard and the increasing radical activity of Broun made friction inevitable. Broun joined the Socialist Party, and in 1930 Howard objected to his running for Congress on the Socialist ticket. There have been many clashes since, for Broun is not one to change his course for a newspaper editor or publisher, and last fall in the *New Republic* he wrote a thinly disguised and devastating attack on Howard. In 1933 he became actively involved in the labor movement, specifically in a union of newspaper workers, which undoubtedly annoyed Roy Howard far more than his Socialist candidacy. As president of the American Newspaper Guild, Broun did a grand job of persuading newspapermen that they were workers subject to the general laws of starvation. He was especially valuable because right-wing newspapermen admired him for his conventional success and left-wingers swore by him because of his social conscience. And having taken up the labor cause, it is characteristic of Broun that he threw his heart into it with the gusto of the sentimentalist. An amusing story of his naivete probably belongs to this period. It tells how Broun, in his zeal, took to traveling in day coaches until he found Earl Browder in a compartment and realized that he too should save his strength for more useful projects than sitting up all night to prove his solidarity with workers who were probably sleeping their heads off anyway.

In 1935 Broun returned to *The Nation,* after an intermission of four years, in the new role of labor commentator. He did a good job on the infamous newspaper code, Elisha Hanson, Guild strikes, and labor in general. He was rather sentimental about Green, who had given the Guild real support in its early period, until Lewis formed the C. I. O., when he became rather sentimental about Lewis. The next year Broun in *The Nation* covered the two political conventions and a wide range of subjects including labor. His columns were political and social, sometimes anecdotal and personal, and they made good reading.

Broun has a pleasant, rolling, witty style, better suited to the art of "colyuming" than that of any of his co-columnists. His sentences and paragraphs are round and smooth, like billiard balls, and from his best columns there arises the sound of gentle clicks until every ball is pocketed and the table ready for another round. On lighter topics he is very engaging, though his habit of using his family for copy and his perennial and sentimental Biblical parables are pretty trying. Given a subject close to his heart, his writing has a powerful impact partly because of its unobtrusive smoothness. The col-

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umns on Sacco and Vanzetti are excellent examples. Some of his celebrations of William Green are devastating as well as amusing. He is the only columnist who stems from the older tradition of the local, most-anything paragrapher who worked in epigrams, with pauses while the shots went home. The type has gone down in this commercialized age before the superior noise of Hugh Johnson, the expert jargon of Pegler, the pompous omniscience of Lippmann, and the alarmed cries of Dorothy Thompson.

Broun is the only important syndicated columnist in the big press who is a radical. And though by the very nature of our journalistic set-up he cannot run a very radical column, he often provides a welcome antidote to the signed editorials of his reactionary brethren. Commercially his stock has stood still if it has not gone down. Westbrook Pegler, who became his rival in the Scripps-Howard papers in 1933, has far outstripped him in the number of papers carrying his column, and today, with 42 papers (circulation 2,829,487), he is running far behind Hugh Johnson (67), Pegler (110), Thompson (140), and Lippmann (160). Meanwhile both his columns seem to show the effect of his enforced schizophrenia. His syndicated pieces often wear the marks of a newspaper stint. His *New Republic* column is often violent, as if in compensation.

His *New Republic* column also shows the effects of other factors. It was inevitable that Broun, having taken the road left, should become involved in all the contradictions that beset labor and liberal-radical opinion; and being a man who feels rather than thinks, he has been pushed into extreme and very curious positions. He fell hard for the bed-fellow theory (deriving from the slogan "Who is not with us is against us,"), which has played so great a part in liberal and radical opinion particularly since the first struggling days of the Soviet regime. Broun himself stated it amusingly in his *Nation* column of March 6, 1937, when the Supreme Court fight was raging:

> A friend of mine who doesn't get time to keep up with the newspapers completely tells me that he has invented a very simple and effective system for himself. Whenever Bishop Manning comes out against anything, he is violently for it. He says that so far the system is 100 per cent perfect. It may be hard to put anything on top of that, but in the case of the President's proposals Bishop Manning and A. Lawrence Lowell came out against Roosevelt's plan on the same day. To me that ought to make the case for support 150 per cent. . . . On which side are you going to fight? Are you going to fight standing beside Bishop Manning, A. Lawrence Lowell, the *Herald Tribune,* the Liberty League, and W. R. Hearst? Make up your mind.

He stated it amusingly but applied it so dogmatically that it finally led him to the extraordinary length of saying in *The Nation* some weeks later that he was "getting a little sick of *The Nation's* policy of fair play" in allowing Oswald Garrison Villard and Maurice Wertheim to express in its pages their opposition to the President's court proposals. In September of that year when he moved to the *New Republic, The Nation* unconsciously paraphrased Broun's earlier remark about his disagreement with Ralph Pulitzer:

> The irony of Mr. Broun's disapproval was that he and we saw eye to eye on the court proposal—as well as on most other major issues; we differed from him only in believing that it merited debate and that the opposition had a right to be heard.

As far as radical factionalism is concerned, there was a time when Broun seemed to aspire to be a broad united front in his own expansive person, and he was in an excellent position, as president of a newspaper union and an important journalist in his own right, to play that role. But Broun, being both pugnacious and sentimental, is hard on his enemies, especially recent ones, and easily influenced by his friends. Having rejected the liberals and Socialists, he has come to regard them with disproportionate disgust. By the same token, having transferred his emotional allegiance to the Communists, he has adopted their slogans and their tactics with characteristic abandon.

For the last few months dogmatic boilerplate bearing the Communist stamp has been more and more often clogging his columnar stream. In July, 1935, he boasted that all "isms" were in the Guild, but in the *New Republic* of March 23 he was out on a heresy hunt, echoing the disruptive Communist slogan: "Drive the Trotskyites and Lovestoneites out of the labor movement." Moreover, he seemed to accept the Communist Party's definition of the heretic as anyone who disagreed with its views. It was a sad performance coming from the defender of Sacco and Vanzetti, two Anarchist victims of an earlier heresy hunt under different auspices.

In his syndicated column of January 15, Broun disavowed the bed-fellow theory:

> Once I wrote a column in which I said that I lived by a simple rule in regard to public controversies. I asserted that I saved a lot of homework and factual research by merely waiting until Bishop Manning declared

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himself and then taking the opposite side. But I was only kidding.

He returned to it on February 22 when he said that on the war issue he had no intention of backing the "curious alliance of Oswald Garrison Villard, Boake Carter, and Father Coughlin." But again on March 9 he expressed doubts of the infallibility of such black-and-white rules in an era of contradictions—as if someone had shown him its fallacy by pointing out that in opposing the Ludlow war-referendum amendment he was in the same bed with Walter Lippmann as well as the Communist Party.

In his syndicated column of January 15, quoted above, he also set down in passing some thoroughly admirable precepts:

> . . . it seems to me that radicals in this country are not saying, "A murrain on all who differ from us by a hair's breadth." Or if any radical has ever said that, I am not the particular radical. But it does seem to me . . . that it is no argument at all to say, "This cause must ipso facto be wrong because 'the reds' support it."
>
> Indeed, I am asserting that each political and economic issue ought to be debated on its merits. . . .

Again on March 9 he said:

> It is reasonable enough that there should be grave differences of opinion among minority groups. And they can grow in wisdom only when there is opportunity for the give and take of opinion.

These are excellent principles worthy to be followed.

In the past Broun has often presented a picture of himself as the humorous, warm-hearted man of goodwill who does not take himself too seriously. In response to protests from *New Republic* readers against his column of March 23, he painted in his column of April 10 a new picture of himself as a dour and dedicated partisan. But aside from the fact that Broun is still president of an important labor union that still, presumably, has all the "isms" represented in its ranks, the role does not suit him. He is not the type, and his essays in that direction have been accompanied so far by heavy breathing.

[*Miss Marshall's article on Dorothy Thompson will appear in an early issue.*]

Tyrol Germans Don't Count

BY LUDWIG LORE

HITLER'S formal renunciation of all claim to South Tyrol may or may not settle an issue about which there was considerable speculation after his "bloodless" conquest of Austria. Until his speech on the last day of his Rome visit, the people of South Tyrol had hoped that the Führer might rescue them from a situation they found intolerable. He had proclaimed himself the protector of all German-speaking peoples outside the Reich. Mussolini's pact with London would mean, they thought, the end of the Rome-Berlin axis. Would not the Führer's next move be to cross the Brenner Pass?

On the day of Schuschnigg's visit to Berchtesgaden a group in Munich, as yet unidentified, deposited in the city's mail-boxes an anti-Italian leaflet which called on the German people to come to the aid of their blood-brothers in South Tyrol. The leaflet contained this advice for Germans visiting the region:

> In order to judge conditions in the region it is not enough to gain a superficial impression of the towns, to which officials and workers artificially settled there are noisily trying to lend Italian characteristics. The peasants on the small holdings most of all need the German traveler to comfort them in their fight. Here each of you must remember that the inhabitant of South Tyrol has become solemn and silent as a result of continual spying and persecution. As a member of a tourist party do not allow yourself to be lodged in Italian hotels. The inhabitant of South Tyrol is a German; he is a fellow-countryman. Do not let yourself be fooled about these basic facts by any Italian whitewash or any alien lie.

After due investigation the Gestapo came to the conclusion that some illegal, anti-fascist group had distributed the pamphlets with the idea of sowing discord between Berlin and Rome, and all further propaganda for Tyrolean independence was forbidden. Now the Führer has openly abandoned his countrymen on the other side of the pass.

Hitler had never shown any desire to take issue with the Italians on the question of Tyrol. In "Mein Kampf" he pointed out that "the Jews and the Hapsburg legitimists who are clamoring for Tyrol's liberation are obstructing an alliance policy with Germany which in the future may lead to the resurrection of an independent German fatherland." "South Tyrol!" he exclaimed in 1927, "that argument always appeals to the small-minded philistine. Who betrayed South Tyrol? The Italians? No. The same people who ruined Germany."

Tyrol never belonged to modern Germany though it has always been held by the German people in peculiar affection. The songs of Tyrol are a part of every Ger-

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man's heritage, and the stories of its heroes play a prominent part in German literature. The visitor who comes to South Tyrol from Bavaria by way of Innsbruck and the Brenner Pass always notices as he crosses the pass that the bleak Northland has given place to the sunny South, but he is also struck by the essentially Germanic character of the towns and villages. Even Italy admits that the South Tyroleans are of Teuton stock. Their ancestors were Bavarian peasants who crossed the Alps in the second half of the fifth century in search of richer lands. The region had been a part of the Roman Empire, but Roman strategists always drew the frontier far south of the Brenner watershed which today divides Italy from Austria. When the Roman Empire finally crumbled, Tyrol first fell under the rule of the Frankish empire but in the thirteenth century it came under the control of the Hapsburgs.

When the World War broke out, sentiment among the Tyroleans was sharply divided. They hated the Prussians, but they were deeply loyal to the Hapsburg monarchy. Had they known that the Austrian emperor offered to surrender Trentino, the Italian section of South Tyrol, to keep Italy from joining the Entente, they might have felt less sure of their allegiance. In the secret conference held at London in April, 1915, Italy demanded and received the promise that its boundary would be moved northward to the line of the Rhaetian mountain range, and when the Peace Commission met at Versailles in 1919, it was bound by this arrangement. President Wilson agreed to the transfer of South Tyrol, though it was in gross violation of Point Nine of his "Fourteen Points," which foresaw a readjustment of the Italian frontier "along clearly recognizable lines of nationality." In November, 1920, South Tyrol was officially separated from Austria and joined to Italy. The northern part became Alto-Adige, taking its name from the River Adige; the southern part kept its old name, Trentino.

It had been agreed at the Versailles conference that Italy as a great power would not be bound by the obligations toward minorities imposed on Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, but Premier Nitti, in a speech delivered in the Roman Chamber of Deputies in August, 1919, promised that his government would observe Tyrolean racial integrity. This speech was quoted by the Allies when they replied to Austria's protest against the dismemberment of Tyrol. While these discussions were still going on, South Tyrol held a plebiscite on the question and voted with a four-fifths majority to create a free state with North Tyrol. It appealed to Versailles, pointing out that Italy's need of a "buffer state" and a "strategic frontier" would be adequately served by such an arrangement. The Italian Socialist deputy Turati urged the Italian Chamber of Deputies to accept South Tyrol's proposal and the Italian Socialists supported his position, but all such demonstrations of popular opinion were suppressed by the returning soldiers, who refused to be "cheated out of the fruit of their fighting." At no time in the course of the peace negotiations was any attempt made to justify Italy's annexation of South Tyrol on other than strategic grounds. Italian statesmen recognized that the population, except in Trentino, which had been a constant source of irritation to the Austrian government with its irredentist propaganda, was overwhelmingly German. The 1910 census showed that in a population of 230,000, 215,000 were Germans, with an Italian minority of not quite 6½ per cent.

For the first three years after the peace the Italian monarchy kept its promises well enough, but the Tyroleans made no secret of their dissatisfaction. They resented the highly centralized Italian government, which left little opportunity for communal initiative, and felt that they were aliens under foreign rulers. Nevertheless, a commission appointed by the League of Nations to investigate the condition of the minorities after two or three years commented optimistically that Tyrol "seems to have become adjusted to its fate."

All that changed when Mussolini came to power. During the reign of terror that established his regime, the Germans were practically driven off the streets. Their representatives in the Chamber of Deputies were beaten and threatened with death if they dared to return. It was the Duce's opinion, openly expressed, that "fascism does not recognize minorities," and he put in operation a program of unremitting Italianization. The use of the name South Tyrol was forbidden under heavy penalties; people were imprisoned for owning maps and pictures bearing German names; the German press was reduced to a single newspaper with the sole function of selling Italian fascism to the recalcitrant Tyroleans. Public officials who could not read and speak Italian fluently were removed from their posts and their places given to Italians many of whom were unfamiliar with the German language and dealt with the public through Italian interpreters paid by the people. Italians took the places of Germans on railways and street cars and in the offices and plants of the public utilities. Signs, announcements, catalogues, menus, and advertisements had to be written in Italian. Not only the names of rivers, mountains and valleys, cities and provinces but also given and family names were Italianized. The name Hitler, which was quite common in that part of Austria and is believed to be a derivation of Huettler (hut dweller), was changed by law to Capanna or Casolari.

> We are at Bozen [wrote a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*], happy among Austrian faces, Austrian costumes, and Austrian speech. But to buy bread we must ask for it in a *panificio* and for shoes in a *calzolaio*. . . . In the railroad station at Toblach we came

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> across two peasants poring over a wall map. The ticket agent had refused to serve them until they could pronounce the Italian name of their destination. . . . In one village the peasants, unable to make themselves understood in the Italian language, petitioned the Italian fascist mayor for permission to use their old language in speaking to the doctor at least. The mayor replied that "the veterinary cannot make himself understood to his patients either, but he does not find it a hindrance in his profession."

Tyrolean business is fighting a losing battle against burdensome governmental regulation. Tax rates are much higher than in Italy proper. In old Tyrol government office was considered an honor rather than a source of income, and consequently government costs were low. Now the country is swarming with Italian officials, who devote their time to spreading the fascist gospel. Between 1923 and 1926 German schools were closed altogether, and private instruction was forbidden, until in June, 1934, Chancellor Dollfuss persuaded the Duce to restore that privilege. When the Italian government announced that it would open German classes, 25,000 children out of a possible 30,000 applied, but classes materialized only in the large cities of Bozen and Meran—the country towns and villages were ignored. In another generation high German in South Tyrol will be forgotten.

The most ardently Catholic people in Europe, the Tyroleans were particularly vulnerable to attacks on their religious customs and beliefs. When religious instruction was forbidden in the schools, the clergy protested, but the only result was a general edict forbidding the use of the German language. Priests who could not preach in Italian were removed. Catholic holidays, which Tyroleans always celebrated with medieval splendor, were forbidden; the Corpus Christi procession, the great event of the year, was turned into a fascist demonstration. From the shrines at every turn of the mountain roads the German inscriptions were removed. Age-old paintings and mottoes on peasant homes were whitewashed over.

The people did not give in without a struggle. When the first fascist election was held, the Tyroleans declared that they would not go to the polls. The Italian officials offered all sorts of inducements and finally resorted to threats. Necessary public works were "postponed until after the election." Where the results showed that a large number of Germans had refused to vote, work on flood-control projects and similar activities was stopped.

At the beginning of this article I showed that Hitler had openly disavowed any desire to rescue the Tyroleans. The famous program of twenty-five points of the National Socialist Party, however, contained until 1930 this sentence: "We cannot give up a single German in Sudeten Germany, in South Tyrol, in Poland, in that League of Nations colony Austria, or in the succession states." In 1931 the name of Alsace-Lorraine was substituted for South Tyrol. Though National Socialism had many adherents in that part of Austrian Tyrol which bordered on the Reich (Innsbruck, Kufstein), it made little headway in South Tyrol. The admiration of the Nazis for Italian fascism and the Italian dictator offended the people's deepest sensibilities. When the National Socialists of Germany sent a deputation to Bozen in December, 1931, to assist in the unveiling of a statue commemorating the fascist "liberation" of that once German city, feeling against the Germans ran high. After the assassination of Dollfuss in the summer of 1934, when relations between Italy and Germany were exceedingly strained, the situation of the Tyroleans became worse. For each demonstration of Nazi lawlessness in their midst they suffered new repressions. In several cases Tyrolean leaders were held as hostages by the Italian authorities until the perpetrators of Nazi bombings were discovered and brought to justice. But by the spring of 1935 it was obvious that a reconciliation between the two countries was under way, and soon the foundations of the Rome-Berlin axis were laid.

There may be some basis for the report that Hitler and Mussolini negotiated a deal by which 150,000 Italian subjects of German descent will be repatriated to Germany. To the Duce nothing could be more welcome. He would get rid of a whole army of youthful troublemakers, and the older generation, who have their families to consider, would be easier to handle if the openly subversive elements were removed. Such an arrangement would also make room for an influx of Italians and so decrease the preponderance of Germans behind Italy's most vulnerable front.

But the last word has not been spoken. If Hitler's visit to Rome put an end to the wishful thinking of those European observers who liked to believe that Neville Chamberlain's strategy had given the death blow to Rome's friendship for Berlin, it also laid the foundation for future conflicts. Hitler has every reason to be satisfied with his bargain. He has Austria and the Duce's acquiescence in the matter of Sudeten Germany—let Italy have South Tyrol and welcome. After Germany has consolidated its new Reich, however, economic questions will once more move into the foreground. The Balkan market will become a source of growing tension between the two dictators, and South Tyrol will continue to be a pawn in the game they are playing. The Duce will push his Italianization program with new vigor, and not a single soldier will be withdrawn from the Brenner. South Tyrolean National Socialists, on the other hand, will see to it that their "German heritage" is not forgotten. On the surface there will be peace, but Hitler is not likely to allow his ally to become too firmly intrenched in this once German Southland.

For Germany South Tyrol still has its possibilities.

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That Legionnaire Is Here Again

BY MILTON S. MAYER

IT TOOK the American people forty years to discover that the G. A. R., the Civil War counterpart of our present-day veterans' lobby, was a racket. Beginning with "presumptive disability" in 1879, the Boys in Blue came back for more every few years until they were all getting a living from the government—and their widows and orphans after them. The passage of the general pension bill in 1907 drove the country wild, but the Old Soldiers waved the flag and sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" until the storm blew over. As early as 1893 they were receiving one-third of the Treasury's gross revenues. If the Lord had spared them all for the 1907 barbecue, the republic would have gone to the wall. As it was, Civil War pensions rose from $159,000,000 in 1893 to $239,000,000 in 1923.

The American Legion reached the 1890 mark of the G. A. R. in 1930, with the award of pensions for non-war-connected disabilities. The bonus, which was something the Grand Army overlooked, cost two billion. That was cheap. It is pensions that run into money, year after year, until the last death-bed bride has been gathered to Valhalla. A Civil War widow, incidentally, is any American who married an Old Soldier before 1905, at which time the average Old Soldier was seventy and ready to settle down. A handful of widows and orphans are still collecting on the War of 1812.

The first general pension bill for World War veterans is now stealing softly through Congress. It provides $22 a month for the widow and $6 a month for the orphans of every man who wore a uniform. And the Legion widows, like the G. A. R.'s, are getting younger every year. Under the present bill any girl who captured a World War hero before July 3, 1931, is eligible for a widow's pension. The House Pensions Committee approved the measure on February 1. That the House will defy the heroes in an even-numbered year is unlikely. The Senators are less fearful of the soldiers. But the Legion lobby knows its statesmen. The bonus was vetoed by every President from Harding to Roosevelt. These things take time.

When the boys got the bonus in 1936, the New York *Times* predicted that in a few years they would start after pensions. Commander Murphy entered a pious disclaimer: "That the passage of the bonus payment law will be the signal for the veterans' organizations to combine in a fight for the passage of a general pension law is an utterly unfounded fear. The Legion will participate in no such action." Six months after they got the bonus, the legionnaires resolved "that in no event shall the widows and orphans of World War veterans be without government protection." The next convention, in 1937, adopted the same ambiguous resolution, but Commander Doherty clarified it for his hungry heroes. The Legion, he said, would now concentrate on "placing the wives of veterans of the World War on the same plane as the wives of veterans of previous wars in receiving pensions."

It is not surprising that veterans, like non-veterans, want as much of other people's money as they can lay their hands on. The bankers and industrialists who financed the Legion "to offset radicalism" (as one of them put it in writing) made the mistaken assumption that the soldiers would confine their Americanism to beating up reds and breaking strikes. They overlooked that section of the Legion's preamble which refers to "mutual helpfulness." Back in 1919, when the founders of the Legion caucused in St. Louis, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., warned them against "trying to sandbag something out of the government." Those were brave days, and the bands still played. The delegates rejected a bonus motion with a whoop and a holler. But when the government was sandbagged for two billion seventeen years later, the *National Legionnaire* proclaimed victory "in the battle the Legion has waged since the beginning."

Glory has a rapidly decreasing resale value. The first convention of the Legion bashfully left to Congress "the discharge of this obligation." By the second convention the veterans were "entitled" to their money. The third convention dropped its mask and ordered Congress to pay "without further equivocation or delay." Harding's veto stuck; it wasn't an election year. In the election year of 1924 Coolidge's veto was overridden. If the heroes would wait till 1945 to cash the check, Congress would write it twice as big. The Legion was satisfied. The 1931 convention demanded immediate payment and got a billion dollars in the form of a "loan," over Hoover's veto. The Legion was satisfied. The 1933 convention killed an immediate-payment resolution in committee; the 1934 convention adopted it with three states dissenting; a year later the vote was unanimous. In 1936 Congress overrode Roosevelt. The Legion was satisfied—for six months.

Veterans' benefits now account for 8 per cent of the federal budget—a trifling $600,000,000. That does not include the bonus, of course. A few years ago Walter Davenport predicted in *Collier's* that general pensions

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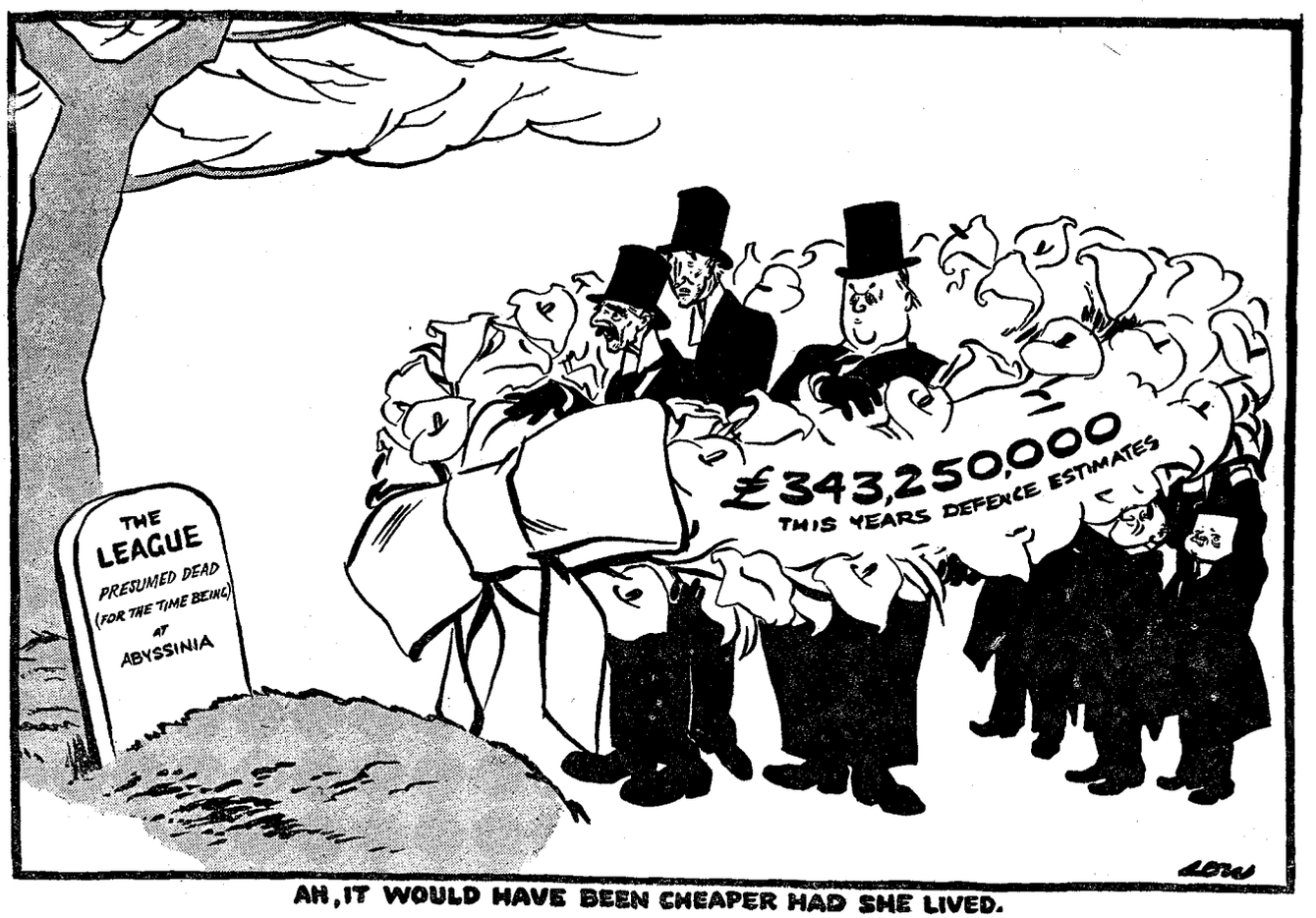
would eventually bring the upkeep of the heroes to 45 per cent of the federal budget. The present widows' and orphans' bill alone will cost the country $1,300,000,000 a year by 1968. And that is not the end. The load of non-war-connected disabilities is rising geometrically. Every veteran who falls off a bar stool, drives into a lamp-post, or contracts the diseases of senility is a casualty of the trenches. More than fifty thousand have gone crazy at public expense, and the neuro-psychiatric peak won't be reached for ten years. In 1922, 181,000 World War veterans were receiving disability compensation, 81 per cent of them on a temporary basis; today 355,000 are receiving it, 81 per cent on a permanent basis. Admissions to hospitals for non-war-connected afflictions are rising by 20 per cent every year.

For "permanent and total" non-war-connected disability a veteran now receives $30 a month, cut $10 by the 1933 Economy Act. The House Pensions Committee has approved a bill restoring the $10. The House has just passed a bill reducing to 10 per cent the present 20 per cent disability requirement for widows' compensation. Chairman Gasque of the House Pensions Committee wants disability compensation paid to every hero "unable to do manual labor." The woods are full of pensioners in full-time jobs. Marcus Duffield once found a promising Harlem boxer who wouldn't fight more than once a month because he was drawing permanent and total disability pay.

The dissenting voices within the Legion are loud but few. The Willard Straight Post of New York City was expelled for opposing the bonus and got itself restored by court order. The National Press Club Post of Washington has asked the Legion whether it is going to be a pension-seeking organization or "follow the principles laid down in the preamble of our constitution." But even the legionnaire who opposes strike-breaking action sees no connection between pensions and liberalism.

At the advanced age of forty-five the veterans are hale and hearty and full of fun. They showed it in the Little Steel strike last June and the New York convention last September. The country has to choose between giving them the bread of pensions or the circuses of 100 per cent Americanism. And that is no amateur's surmise. In a confidential report on the rise of fascist organizations like the Klan and the Silver Shirts, the California Department of the Disabled American Veterans stated in 1934: "They make their appeal primarily to the man out of work and especially to the ex-service man. The passage of the Economy Act by Congress at its last session gave a strong impetus to the efforts of some of these organizations in propagandizing among the veterans." Pensions may be cheaper, even if twenty years from now every man, woman, and child in the United States is paying the heroes $30 a year to keep them demobilized.



AH, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CHEAPER HAD SHE LIVED.

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In the Wind

AT THE Gridiron dinner a few weeks ago (the story is being told all over Washington) Glenn Frank made a typical Republican attack on the New Deal. Thereupon the President read aloud an article that appeared in *The Nation* of December 23, 1931. It was a plea for most of the principles embodied in the New Deal—higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours, wider distribution of wealth. And it was written by Glenn Frank.

✶

A clip-sheet of editorials attacking the Mexican government's oil policy was recently sent out by the "Committee on Mexican Relations." The sheet listed the "committee's" address as Room 2763-74, 50 West Fiftieth Street (Rockefeller Center). A young woman who went to apply for a job found that no one in the building had ever heard of the "committee" and that there was no Room 2763-74. She then wrote a letter to the committee at the given address. A reply came from Rockefeller Center. The envelope was stamped "ESSO." And the letter contained an application blank from the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. (The documents are available, if Senator Minton should be interested.)

✶

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, an American corporation with interests in various parts of the world, recently inserted the following advertisement in *La Ametralladora,* a rebel organ in Bilbao, Spain.

> Firestone Hispania, extending a cordial greeting to all its clients in liberated territory, informs them that for the moment its entire production is reserved for the GLORIOUS NATIONAL MOVEMENT, but that when the needs of the government will have been covered amply the company will take the greatest pleasure in renewing its relations with its clients.
>
> Salud a Franco! Arriba España!

✶

Fortune's girl researchers, annoyed by frequent editorial changes in their findings, filed a protest. The answer was a memorandum from "upstairs" pointing out that *Fortune* was not *The Nation* and that it always gave capitalism the benefit of the doubt.

✶

"Mr. Chamberlain referred to what the government had done for housing and remarked that he thought they could say the housing problem was solved except for two strongholds—the destruction of the slums and the extinction of overcrowding."—London *Telegraph.*

✶

"Aggressive editorial executive seeks position as assistant publisher or editor. . . . Knows how to cope with the Guild. . . . Box 3640."—Advertisement in *Editor and Publisher.*

"As a result of a rather exhaustive investigation on the spot, I came to the conclusion that the magnificent principles of the American Bill of Rights will be religiously respected by General Franco and his advisers. . . ." —Reverend Joseph Thorning in the Baltimore *Sun,* April 18, 1938.

"As far as we are concerned we do not believe in a democratic liberal regime. . . ."—From a speech by General Franco, April 20, 1938.

✶

A committee representing Catholic organizations has been formed for the purpose of laboring with editors who print "anti-Catholic" material. The key figure is Father John A. Toomey, associate editor of *America.* . . . Edgar Snow's "Red Star Over China," which has been regarded as a boost for the Communists by everyone except themselves, has been barred from Communist bookshops. . . . A group of Vassar alumnae in Indianapolis has started a movement to oust Henry MacCracken, president of the college, because of his liberal views.

✶

When Shingora Takaishi, editor of two big Japanese newspapers, returned to Japan after a six months' tour of the United States, he said that several prominent Americans had told him they were "in substantial agreement" with Japan's Far Eastern action. According to the Tokyo *Mainichi,* he named two. One was the late Colonel House. The other was William Randolph Hearst.

✶

An anti-Semitic campaign against the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party has become so pronounced that A. I. Harris, Jewish editor of the Minnesota *Leader*—the F. L. P. paper—has offered to resign. The state committee said no.

✶

The National Association of Manufacturers is continuing its services to the cause of education by sending out—unsolicited—a series of pamphlets on "You and Industry" to college presidents and deans, asking if they want more "authentic facts and figures" for classroom use. It's all free.

✶

Last week the Baltimore *Evening Sun* ran a sensational "inside" report that Secretary Hull was about to resign. J. Fred Essary of the *Sun* staff and Ulrich Bell of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* two old friends of the Secretary, had met him casually and had a talk. Mr. Hull was glum; he complained bitterly of "Communist pressure" on him, and of the fact that he couldn't leave his desk without momentous developments in his department. Essary went back to his office and told of Mr. Hull's despairing mood; his editors made a swift deduction.

✶

[*We warmly invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories and facts that can be clearly authenticated.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A Letter to the President

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: As a personal friend of yours since the beginning of your political career I have resented the charges leveled against you that you were seeking to undermine American institutions and to set yourself up as a dictator. I could well understand the sense of indignation that made you recently deny this in a public statement. You were correct in saying that you are not of the material of which dictators are made, even had you thought of becoming one. But the man or men who fail to stand up and fight for civil liberties and for republican institutions in crucial times like these are quite as likely to lead the country into a dictatorship—by default—as the men who deliberately seek to impose their will upon their countrymen. This is the lesson of the collapse of the German Republic.

I have been moved to these thoughts by reading the appalling news that in a press conference on May 10 you refused to comment upon Mayor Hague's defiance of the Constitution of the United States, saying that that was "purely a local police matter." In response to a second question as to whether you as leader of your party would take any action in regard to Mayor Hague's continuing as vice-chairman of the National Democratic Committee, you sidestepped the issue by saying that that should be brought to the attention of Jim Farley as chairman of the committee. This seems to me nothing less than a betrayal of the fundamental principles which underlie our institutions. A breach of the Constitution *a local issue?* How is it possible to justify such a statement except by a narrow technicality? It is the Constitution of the entire United States that Mayor Hague is breaching and nullifying. It is not the constitution of Jersey City or of the state of New Jersey. Do you recall that a Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1880, General Winfield Scott Hancock, made himself a laughing-stock by declaring that the tariff was "a local affair"? Well, he was just as much entitled to say that of the tariffs imposed by the Congress of the United States as you are to assert that Hague's open defiance and nullification of the Constitution are a purely local police matter. It is not a question of law enforcement, but of the expression of a righteous public indignation.

From the very beginning of your Administration you have only occasionally—and if I remember correctly, mostly in the first year or two of your Administration—touched on the subject of civil liberties, as you did in speaking recently to the B'nai B'rith. You made only a half-hearted fight against lynching, and after the defeat of the bill gave as your excuse to a delegation of colored people that you thought your advocacy of it would have hurt more than helped. Why can you not see that in that case and in the Hague situation it is time to rise above the question of expediency and to come out fearlessly and frankly on the vital necessity of standing by the Constitution and all its clauses until they are amended? Such an utterance would do more for public order and respect for law than can possibly be estimated. You could make everybody in New Jersey who upholds the lawlessness of Mayor Hague understand by a single radio talk that his pretense that this is merely a fight to bar communism and anarchy from Jersey City is the purest nonsense, unmitigated lying. By one such utterance you could not only uphold the Constitution but make it clear once and for all that any talk of your seeking to undermine the Constitution is a gross and inexcusable libel.

As for saying that you, the leader of the party, can only refer to Jim Farley the question of whether the National Committee shall be further defiled by Mayor Hague's remaining as vice-chairman—that is quite unworthy of you. Jim Farley is your creature; he is in the Cabinet to take your orders, and he is chairman of the National Committee by your word. You have only to say to him or to the public that Mayor Hague's remaining as vice-chairman is a stench in the nostrils of all decent citizens, and Mayor Hague would find promptly that his health required his retirement from the arduous vice-chairmanship. By your silence on this great issue you are yourself striking a most dangerous blow at the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. A true patriot in your position at the present moment would take the first train to Jersey City and stand up in the public square there without asking for any permit, and tell Mayor Hague, his police, and the American Legion what true patriotism is and denounce their violation of the Constitution. One member of your Cabinet, Harold Ickes, has spoken out magnificently on this very issue. Why do you not back him up; why do you not join him when he says that our liberties are endangered by just such attacks on the Constitution as those in Jersey City? Must history record that you were wanting when it came to defending the Constitution you were sworn to uphold?

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

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WHAT IS THE ARTIST?

BY MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

IN ONE of the ten essays that make up his new book* Edmund Wilson makes a remark that not only points to his present position among his fellow-critics of society and literature but indicates his motive in examining the lives and ideas of the men—Pushkin, Flaubert, James, Butler, Shaw, More, Housman, and John Jay Chapman—whom he sets before his reader.

> One of the prime errors of recent radical criticism has been the assumption that great novels and plays must necessarily be written by people who have everything clear in their minds. People who have everything clear in their minds, who are not capable of identifying themselves imaginatively with, who do not embody in themselves, contrary emotions and points of view, do not write novels or plays at all—do not, at any rate, write good ones. And the more violent the contraries—given genius—the greater the works of art.

The heroes of his essays were not all novelists and playwrights; two were poets and two were critics. But the value Wilson ascribes to them, both as artists and as symptoms of moral and social ordeal, exists in almost direct proportion to the degree to which their minds were divided, confused, or muddled by their private and public conflicts, and to the extent to which they struggled to impose the coherence of reason or the laws of art upon their confusion. Their "contraries" range all the way from Pushkin's sense of "a basic maladjustment to society" to Flaubert's struggle to grasp the needs and griefs of the human mass he began by hating; from More's spiritual discretion to James's mysterious emotional dilemmas; from the exacerbated misanthropy of Housman to the vacillating social and moral sympathies of Shaw and Chapman, in whom only the integrity of art or action permitted a triumph over the contradictions they labored through during long careers that spanned the tumult of the nineteenth and the chaotic disorder of the twentieth century.

"The Triple Thinkers" contains little technical or formal analysis of literature; it is a study of personalities and ideas. But it brings into focus a number of conceptions that are basic to any intelligent understanding of modern literature, they are described with the clarity and scope of Wilson's best style, and they succeed in defining the sources of quality and originality in their subjects—the element of ambiguity in James's novels, the ingrowth of the creative impulse in Housman, the political beliefs of Flaubert, the sublimating indignations of Chapman—in a way that any future student of these writers must use as a point of departure.

The book lacks the central argument that combined the eight essays of "Axel's Castle"; yet it centers in several ideas that not only bring its ten sections into a unity but mark an important departure from the point at which Wilson left off in his analysis of the symbolist movement seven years ago. That departure, in fact, will correct for some critics of the earlier volume the extremes to which he carried the opposition of individualism and society, for his recent studies of proletarian and social art have had a certain disillusioning effect on his arguments. In "Axel's Castle" he concluded that the "world of the private imagination in isolation from the life of society seems to have been exploited and explored as far as for the present is possible"; that "the oscillation which for at least three centuries has been taking place between the poles of objectivity and subjectivity" was likely to "return to objectivity again" or that possibly "this oscillation may finally cease"; that the romantic rebel, having reached his ultimate projection in the individualistic concepts of Proust, Valéry, and Joyce, was faced with the necessity of coming to terms with the practical needs of human society if he—and with him "the whole belle-lettristic tradition of Renaissance culture, perhaps, compelled to specialize more and more, more and more driven in on itself, as industrialism and democratic education have come to press it closer and closer"—were to avoid extinction.

That rebel, embodied in Axel, M. Teste, Prufrock, Proust's "I," and H. C. Earwicker, had become a perversion of individualism, a victim of anti-social protest grown absolute or even monstrous. The present characters are not fictional but actual—men of the past century who fell under a test of practical values always severe and sometimes violent in the age of transition they lived through—and they are projected against the socialist theory of literature, which, gaining steady momentum, has at length arrived at a dogmatism which demands in its extreme form the complete identification of the artist's and critic's function with a social ideal. It is Wilson's purpose to show that subjectivity may indeed victimize men of "extreme sensibility" like Housman and T. E.

* "The Triple Thinkers." By Edmund Wilson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

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Lawrence, of mistaken moral renunciation like James's heroes, of self-justifying egoism like Butler or slippery casuistry like Shaw, but that it is the necessary complement of social intelligence and justice in any form whatever; that without it the initial requirement of art does not exist; that the mobilization of writers under political creeds or theories has seldom or never produced literature of lasting worth; and that the stuff of art—even of art which exerts the most vital influence on society—derives from a personal struggle which penetrates to depths never reached by theory and which alone insures the artist's authority in grasping and expressing the human reality around him. This issue is debated in a final essay on Marxism and Literature which, in spite of its supporting quotations from Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Gorki, the publishers rightly describe as being "likely to prove controversial" among the critics of the left.

It is hard, however, to see how Wilson's opinions on this point can be contradicted by anyone who looks at prose literature with his own persistence and honesty, for his arguments do as much to reinforce as to correct any intelligent conception of those social responsibilities which Wilson still considers unavoidable by any serious talent, whether they are attacked directly as by Shaw, or circuitously and through ponderous obstructions of prejudice and "maladjustment" as in Pushkin, Flaubert, and James. When Flaubert went so far as to say, "The mass, the majority, are always idiotic. I haven't got many convictions, but that one I hold very strongly," he added, "Yet the mass must be respected, no matter how inept it is, because it contains the germs of an incalculable fecundity"; and to this last clause Wilson fully subscribes, especially when he shows Flaubert or James coming into their full powers only by breaking down—as More, Housman, and Butler never did successfully—the barriers of the private will and sensibility, and thus coming to terms with the political and economic conditions of their age. But it is hard to follow his contention in Is Verse a Dying Technique? that the poet, in order "to deal with the affairs of society, [has] to learn to speak its language . . . to train himself to write in prose," and that the decline of verse during the past two centuries and especially in our own age has shown prose to be "quite equal to that work of the imagination and intellect—that re-creation for man of his hard and doubtful life in this world in man's own terms of harmony and reason—which caused men to call Homer 'divine.'" Here the argument hinges less on whether prose since the Renaissance has risen in art and scope and metrical discourse declined — they obviously have — than on whether poetry has lost its character and appeal by losing its more obvious affiliations with music or ultilitarian instruction and by allowing its preserves to be invaded by prose masters. The decline or extreme specialization of poetry—and a corresponding disappearance of "verse"—through scientific and social influences has been argued from Bacon's day down to I. A. Richards's, but there is better evidence than Wilson uses (he includes the work of Jeffers, Millay, and Maxwell Anderson, as well as the novels of Faulkner and Lawrence) to show that genuine poetry is still something different from either verse or prose, that the Aristotelian discrimination—whatever its fate among the formulators of terminology—did not have to wait until the romantic movement to be revived, and that the apparent dissolution of the formal barriers between poetry and prose today, far from having harmed the identity of poetry, has sharpened and enhanced it. If Wilson had made wiser use of the work of Hopkins, Eliot, Pound, and Auden, and if he had brought modern poets like Yeats and Rilke into his discussion, the confusions which he describes almost entirely in terms of form and meter would not have been so perplexing.

The other issue raised by his book appears in the general method of its essays. They are, as has been said, primarily studies in the character and experience of authors, and of the way in which those factors provided the subject matter, the point of view, and the sympathies of books. No critic now writing English has followed the tradition of Sainte-Beuve with greater distinction than Wilson, and in "The Triple Thinkers" he handles writers whose status as craftsmen and artists may be safely assumed in the general terms here taken for granted. They were, moreover, men of signal personality, bound by the circumstances of their lives and ambitions to reflect something valuable from the conditions of their time. But the problem arises whether it is not possible to mistake the significance of a man or the value of his intentions for the quality of his ideas and the success of his artistry. If Chapman's criticism really contained the penetrating force and clairvoyance of his personality (in its moments of genuine conviction), his criticism since the early book on Emerson would doubtless be what Wilson claims it to be, and not the spasmodically brilliant but equally wrong-headed impressionism of his books on Dante and Shakespeare. Similarly, the poems of Housman and the fiction of Butler, if examined in their quality as writing and for the consistency of their ideas, might reveal even more reliable information on the character of their authors than the facts of the careers from which those poems and novels emerged. And conversely, the ambiguity of Henry James, if traced out in the style and craftsmanship of his finest novels, would be discovered to be less a cause for exasperation with James's own character or that of his heroes than for admiration that in defining and realizing such ambiguity in art James made both his greatest contribution to the art and material of fiction and his most searching revelation of the moral and social conflicts of the modern sensibility. Wilson knows, even if he does not fully demonstrate,

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that such a revelation exists, and in the essays on James, Flaubert, and Chapman he has written at least three studies which throw new light on the creative and critical problems of our time. It is his special distinction to be able to disclose those problems in a form that makes the testing of them an imperative duty for anyone who reads his book seriously. What he misses he has the art of calling upon the reader's responsibility to work out for itself, and he has the further art of writing with an ease, vividness, and persuasion that make his work a rare cause for exhilaration.

BOOKS

The Early Emerson

YOUNG EMERSON SPEAKS: UNPUBLISHED DISCOURSES ON MANY SUBJECTS. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Edited by Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

HERE at last are 25 of the 170 sermons that Emerson left in manuscript. Carefully selected, thoughtfully introduced and annotated, they make an important book which will not disappoint the many who have long hoped for just such a publication. So large a body of hitherto inaccessible writing from the pen of Emerson would be important even if it were not intrinsically good; but this writing is uniformly good and often excellent. Moreover, it shows how Emerson's thought and style developed in his early manhood, how his central ideas grew from the germ, and how he slowly moved away from the orthodoxies of his time and place. It brings Emerson nearer. In hundreds of libraries it will soon find its place beside the "Essays," and it will probably hold that place for as long as the "Essays" themselves continue to be read.

One cannot recommend these sermons, to be sure, to those who are not already at home in the high thin air of Emerson's mind. For sermons they are, and not mere "discourses." The best that one can say of them, and all that Emerson would have wished anyone to say, is that they are good sermons—clear, cogent, earnest, written always in the light of thought rather than in warmth of the heart. They are the work of a young preacher who took his profession seriously, as nearly everyone in the New England of his day was disposed to do.

And the readers of our time who care for Emerson at all will certainly welcome these sermons. For Emerson was always a preacher. He left the pulpit and climbed the rostrum with little sense of change. His sermons had been vigorously ethical, primarily intellectual, and his public lectures were precisely that. His "Essays," always closely related to his public lectures, were homiletic in tone if not in structure. Like his sermons, they were always exalted in theme, idealistic in philosophy, deficient in humor and in warmth, but always hortatory. The present book, therefore, does not show us a new Emerson, but an Emerson we already know, in the regular practice of a profession which he never quite abandoned.

Yet the years of Emerson's regular preaching were not years of mere preparation. If the young man who wrote these twenty-five sermons had died, as he came near doing, while still the minister of the Second Church in Boston, we should find in them the record of an intellectual life which, though somewhat narrow in range, was yet symmetrical and complete. They came from a disciplined and well-stored mind, already stoutly independent, deepened by grief and suffering, inward-bent and yet strongly fixed upon its social duty. They show almost an excessive concern for the niceties of prose style, such as one might expect from a young man who had the milk of his Alma Mater still in him. They show, too, a steady growth, proving that Emerson's thought was marching on and on during the three years of his ministry. The first sermon in the book was written by a thoughtful youth, no more; but the last one, on The Miracle of Our Being, would not be noticeably inferior if it stood among the published "Essays."

That sermon, or almost any of its companions, is in fact superior to the "Essays" in one important way: it is a solid structure of thought in which every part is not only organic but properly placed. This new book proves that Emerson once knew how to marshal his thoughts with a precision that would have done credit to Burke or John Stuart Mill. Too much has been made, as O. W. Firkins showed long ago, of the discontinuity of thought in the "Essays," yet the fact remains that they are discontinuous. Emerson himself pointed out this fact, with some exaggeration, when he said that his writing was composed of "infinitely repellent particles." And so this book poses the curious question: why he failed to use in his maturity a skill which he had certainly won in his youth. It is not a complete answer to say that when he wrote these sermons, so carefully tongued and grooved, he had not yet written the word "whim" on the lintel of his door-post. It is not enough to point out that most of these sermons, but not quite all of them, were composed before he had felt the explosive influence of Carlyle. Probably we come nearest to an explanation when we recall that the sermons were written rapidly and seldom revised, while the essays were laboriously pieced together out of journal-jottings that had been worked over and over again. Now it was in revision, and in the shaping of new structures out of materials already existing, that Emerson, like Thoreau, was weakest and most inept.

To most readers of this book Emerson's early thought will be more interesting than his concern with rhetoric and methods of expression. His turn away from Channing's social interests to the reform of the inward man, his steadily growing interest in the ultimate conclusions of science, his constant effort to harmonize the claims of spirit with those of a boastfully materialistic world—these are the aspects of his sermons that have had, and will have, the deepest import for American life. Everywhere in these sermons he is seen to be what Matthew Arnold was to call him, a friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. His present editor puts the same thought into other words: "Within his own mind the transition took place that enabled religion to maintain itself in a new world of thought wholly alien to its inherited philosophy and forms of doctrine."

ODELL SHEPARD

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Darwin and Darwinism

CHARLES DARWIN. By Geoffrey West. Yale University Press. $3.50.

"LET the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change," bravely quoth the poet laureate, for he doubted not that through the ages "one increasing purpose runs." It has been, however, our fate to question this among other Victorian postulates, and it is a virtue of Mr. West's biography that he refuses to countenance the varied misuses of Darwinian thought, whether in support of purpose or chance, progress, God, capitalism, or the latest war-fixated corporate state. Eighty years after the "Origin of Species," what, in fact, do we yet know concerning evolution? Its general truth and basic importance cannot be questioned, but the links in its iron chain of logic—environment, inheritance, survival of the fittest, mutual aid, the mechanism of variations—are still being tested, qualified, debated. Mr. West himself is rightly uncertain how much of Darwinism is the reflection of Darwin's age, the appropriate myth of a competitive materialism. And how much, despite the proved value of the scientific method, of our own formulation of evolution will reflect only our own desires, the establishing of a newly appropriate myth? The "happening" may be in reality the "doing," says Mann in a notable essay, the soul is the giver of all given conditions, and "we are actually ourselves bringing about what seems to be happening to us." If this, like most truth, is true only in part, it is certainly very true in its own part.

But if it is early to speak of Darwinism, and Mr. West's book does not, in fact, add very much to our knowledge of it, it is time to talk of Darwin, and that Mr. West accomplishes extremely well. To the Victorians, transforming their first frenzy over this mild Satan who absent-mindedly defied the Lord into a universal eulogy of Mr. Darwin's greatness and goodness, it almost seemed that Mr. Darwin should be seated on the very throne he had disestablished. Where Darwin was not lost sight of in Darwinism, he was idealized beyond human hopes, and certainly beyond the hopes of human beings lately deprived of their kinship with the angels. Mr. West's achievement is not so much any new portrait of Darwin as a perceptive restoration of the Darwin who was there—in "The Life and Letters," even in the accounts of Grant Allen and Romanes if one is willing to penetrate their lyricism. And surely if a man was ever guided by destiny to his inevitable goal, it was hardly Charles Darwin. Mr. West does not describe the scientist, lucid, logical, and certain, but a man who was uncertain, anxious, and myopic. This Darwin, with his aversion to the theorists to whom he owed so much, with his stumbling thought and clogged style, his self-exculpation, his "muddles" about chance or no chance in the universe, is timid, sick, and narrow. This is Darwin, reassuringly common in his tastes, with his "characteristic wriggle away from responsibility," his letters apologetic to the point of abjectness, procrastinating until one is not sure whether he is pursuing scientific method or a spiritual refuge. This is Darwin who talks always of his great work, and day by day evades it until at last Wallace—the hare impelling the tormented turtle—forces him to publish an "inadequate," "imperfect," "erroneous," "weariful" essay on "The Origin of Species and Varieties Through Natural Selection."

In thus establishing a more precise portrait of Darwin, Mr. West has, however, no intention of facile deflation, and the merit of his book is that it enlarges rather than diminishes the stature of its subject. If Darwin is no longer perfect he is nevertheless great, and his uneasy story becomes not only the history of a particular discovery but in many respects the history of discovery itself. It is perhaps not extravagant, then, to relate Darwin to another fable of progress, written as it happens by the novelist I have quoted above. Is not the early Darwin a true sort of Hans Castorp on the magic mountain of science? This amiable but somewhat confused young man listening to the theories of Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck, these Settembrinis and Napthas of evolutionary thought, pushed on by events and his own growing fascination to the answers, formulated there so clearly as we look back, and yet to this Castorpish Darwin not evident until in his own way he arrives at them? I mean no irreverence by this association but indeed high praise, for it was Darwin after all who brought evolution where the philosophers talked it. Just as it is the Hans Castorps, whether in daily life or more exalted matters, as Mann intended, I take it, to say, on whom we all ultimately depend.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Cycle of Sterility

DAUGHTERS AND SONS. By I. Compton-Burnett. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

MISS COMPTON-BURNETT belongs in the category of unique literary personalities. The word personality might be stressed. Her work succeeds through a foppishly brilliant individuality of manner and style. She brings a personal social quality, an almost physical presence to her medium, and her novels viewed as a whole are made up of characteristics rather than characters, gesture or pantomime rather than action. Her technique itself is theatrical. Her writing has no descriptive or analytic content; the method is continuous conversation through which characters and traits are exflected like impersonations in a monologue, and like impersonations they seem parasitic upon something more complete than themselves, taking on its color and energy and at the same time lacking individual reality and substance.

The Ponsonbys in "Daughters and Sons" have the generic variety not of a family, but of a family's most schizoid member. Taken as conventional literary characters they seem as two-dimensional and rhetorical as an acrostic; as a composite group, however, they make up an abstract character of curious but convincing proportions, become the portrait of a versatile and incisive attitude. Miss Compton-Burnett has a profound dislike of English family life, and the Ponsonbys, like Jonah, seem to have been swallowed by a whale. They exist within a compressed and highly eccentric experiential area. They are, in their author's somewhat particularized human vocabulary, no more than metaphors for pettiness, frustration, viciousness, avarice, shallowness, cruelty, and so on, interchangeably. No single moral feature differentiates one mem-

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ber of the family from another. The Ponsonbys are a moral feature in themselves, profiled against the author's misanthropy.

First, we have Sabine, the grandmother, ruling her brood amnesically but despotically, taking her pleasure, from time to time, in purloining letters or tormenting governesses; then there is daughter Hetta, a sort of household lieutenant who runs family affairs with all the sadism of her secret frustrations; son John, a limp, bread-winning novelist who stops thinking of himself only long enough to think of money and whose relationship with his sister is psychologically incestuous; and John's five children, fanning the smoky atmosphere with vulture wings. Now and then the external world makes itself known in the person of a new governess, arriving like a visitor from another planet or retreating to it in inarticulate haste. One such visitor remains behind long enough to be mistaken for a prize-winning novelist and married by John, whose reasons are purely practical. The prize money is expected to tide the Ponsonbys over an oppressively thin budget. It is an entirely credible error as the author constructs it, and one which results in a series of unpleasant events, among them Sabine's death at Hetta's hands.

Miss Compton-Burnett's plot ingeniously serves the purpose of mechanizing her characters; it resolves nothing but itself. The Ponsonbys from the beginning are a completed cycle of sterility, spiders caught in their own webs, the victims of a carnivorous theme which seems to devour its best examples. What emerges most positively is the author's bitter and malicious approach. And that has the distinctive quality of artificial ice—it burns as it freezes.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

Carleton Beals Throws Stones

GLASS HOUSES. By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

ALTHOUGH its title is "Glass Houses," Carleton Beals's latest book is not particularly iconoclastic. Its subject is the maverick wanderings and writings of the author during the decade that ended with the world economic crisis. Its scope is broad, and often it throws new light patterns on things as diverse as mountain peaks, oil magnates, and that constant fount of literary material—the concierge. It is not really autobiography, for it does not record the emotional and intellectual crises which form the growth rings of a man, but rather presents well-told reminiscences of patches of history and segments of personal experience.

The book opens with a penniless Western youth hoboing his way into Mexico, impelled by an urge to gather new experiences and write about them. The youth's apprenticeship covers years of groping in the maelstrom of Mexican power politics. The first chapters teem with grotesque anecdotes of the generals and politicians who floated cynically on a disorganized peasant revolution, fantastic tales of Comintern plots, and the sexual adventurings of the expatriate backwash of the war. Beals is saved from the futility of Mexico City by a love of the Indian and a resentment of his oppression. The Mexican years are followed by interludes in Spain and Italy—for the most part pages of aesthetic emotion. The author is in Italy when the Black Shirts seize power, and his shrewd mind marks fascism not as an episode but as the birth of a giant world force for evil.

The most important section of "Glass Houses" is that dealing with Beals's second sojourn in Mexico, for this is the period during which he became one of dollar diplomacy's most dangerous gadflies. Here are new material about his courageous trip to Sandino's army and the interesting revelation that General Feland, who commanded the American marines in Nicaragua, admitted privately that intervention was both a political blunder and a crime.

The period that "Glass Houses" deals with is in many ways remote from the present. The targets of Beals's stones have for the most part already been pushed from their pedestals. Like a ghost, the genial figure of Dwight Morrow moves through the pages of the book, suavely driving steam into overheated boilers and winning acclaim for statesmanship of broad perspectives. The Wall Street "liberalism" which sought to kill the Mexican Revolution by showering Calles with kindness is now reaping its well-earned whirlwind.

The book ends with a return visit to Spain in the days when Primo de Rivera's dictatorship was crumbling and a new Spanish democracy was awaiting birth. In a few mighty paragraphs Beals leaps ahead to the bitter Spanish tragedy of today to speak vehemently for concerted action against the international fascist offensive.

Like most of Carleton Beals's books "Glass Houses" says things that are important. And in addition it says them clearly and well.

NATHANIEL WEYL

Tract for the Times

AND SO TO WAR. By Hubert Herring. Yale University Press. $2.

THE thesis of Mr. Herring's tract for the times is one rather generally held among both pacifists and isolationists. It is that there is something of a conspiracy in Washington to drag us into war. Well, not exactly a conspiracy. But at any rate Roosevelt is an unreliable romantic whose international outlook is informed partly by the Wilsonian desire to save and reform the world and partly by the other Roosevelt's truculent nationalism. Secretary Hull is a Tennessee mountaineer hopelessly out of his depth in the turbulent waters of international politics. Between them they are blundering into the next war. This thesis is presented partly in the form of day-to-day diaries which record parallel events, attitudes, and sentiments in the days which preceded our entrance into the World War and the contemporary period. The second half of the book is devoted to character studies of present and past statesmen, to a criticism of the "Sir Galahads" among our idealists, a denunciation of the compound of imperialism and democratic idealism in British international politics, a warning against the unlimited powers of the President, and a final chapter of admonition. The book is, in other words, not too well organized. It serves, nevertheless, quite adequately to present the case of the isolationists.

Having been frequently amused and instructed by Mr. Herring's sardonically humorous description of men and

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events, the present writer regrets to report that he is in this instance not amused. The difficulty lies in Mr. Herring's lack of discrimination. One might well agree with him that the President's powers are too unlimited, and yet not regard the Ludlow amendment as wise statesmanship. One may respond with a wry smile to his sallies upon the note of national self-righteousness in Secretary Hull's pontifical and vague utterances on international problems. But the fact that America is not as pure as Secretary Hull pretends hardly proves that American imperialism invalidates every conception of American responsibility to the world. The self-righteousness of statesmen, particularly Anglo-Saxon ones, who pretend to believe that their respective nations represent a transcendental moral force in a chaotic world is no new discovery. The self-righteousness of nations is as old as history. So, for that matter is the self-righteousness of individuals. But this does not prove that equally self-righteous men or nations stand for equally unrighteous cultures and causes. The fact that both democracies and dictatorships have broken treaties does not equate democracy and tyranny.

Mr. Herring's lack of discrimination is particularly apparent in his frequent discussion of the President's Chicago speech on quarantining aggressor nations. Mr. Herring thinks it was "the first irrevocable step by which the nations are drawn into conflict." It seems to him impossible to do anything to discourage aggression without taking the first step to war. Every expression of responsibility for world conditions is condemned as evidence of the "Sir Galahad spirit" in which "overgrown sons of John Wesley" indulge. Nothing but national irresponsibility is worthy of mature and sophisticated spirits.

While the spectacle of a brutal militarism squatting on the prostrate form of a once gracious and urbane Austrian civilization is still fresh in memory, one is hardly in the mood to enjoy ribald remarks about the Sir Galahad spirit, particularly if it is identified with every possible concern for ways and means of arresting the world's anarchy. Cynicism about the moral pretensions of statesmen is hardly a mature approach to world politics. One wishes rather that the British ruling classes were less blinded by class interests and more effective imperialists. They might then, in the strategy of imperial defense, inadvertently help to defend what is still left of European civilization against advancing barbarism.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Shorter Notices

MAN'S COURAGE. By Joseph Vogel. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This is one perceptive novel out of a hundred routine, romanticized case histories of the victims of the depression period. Mr. Vogel follows the fortunes of the Wolaks, working-class people in a region of New York State where, according to recent press reports, relief cases have shown an increase of 107.9 per cent in the last six months. The people are the usual ones in this milieu—a hulking but honest peasant, his workworn wife, their sickly child, some callous investigators, a few stupid police, even a grasping landlord—but they are shrewdly observed, and one of them, a drunken veterinary sketched outside the pattern, provides a first-rate humorous portrait. The situations arise out of character; for that reason the basic social conflict looms over the Wolaks in better perspective than in many other novels that lace their half-truths together with political harangues. Only the oversized title disturbs the balance of a wry and skilfully realistic book.

AFTER MIDNIGHT. By Irmgard Keun. Knopf. $2.

"After Midnight" is a novel of present-day Nazi Germany from an unusual point of view—that of a sane and normal German girl. Pretending to be naive and bewildered, and thereby enabled to reproduce what she sees around her in all its elementary inhumanity and crazy distortion, she describes—in the unguarded way a troubled girl might confide to a diary—the hectic lives she and her friends have lived since the advent of the Third Reich. The result is a series of impressionistic glimpses, done in strong colors and illuminated by ghastly lights, of life in Germany today. We live with her in a stiflingly Nazified household until she is betrayed for hinting that Göring's endless radio speeches are boring; we follow her into the home of her brother, a famous writer, until his books are burned; we accompany her among friends in beer halls, in the crush of Hitler-cheering crowds, in gas-raid drills, among storm troopers, Jews, intellectuals—until we have seen uncovered in phase after phase of daily existence the cancerous rot beneath. "After Midnight" is brief and fragmentary, and it leaves all the fear and the greed and the hate unexplained; but it paints a few pictures of German life today whose implications are strong enough to sicken and terrify.

FILMS

The Double Edge

TWO recent documentary films raise interesting questions as to the meaning of the word "document." As late as 1800, according to the Oxford Dictionary, it meant "a lesson, an admonition, a warning"; its origin was the Latin word *docere,* to teach, and the spirit in which it was offered was the spirit, I suppose, of what we now call propaganda. Its only meaning in these latter days is "something written, inscribed, etc., which furnishes evidence or information upon any subject, as a manuscript, title-deed, coin, etc." A documentary film on the subject of China, Spain, Germany, Ethiopia, or the TVA would seem by the second definition to be nothing beyond a series of ocular proofs, supplemented by photographed affidavits bearing the witnessed signatures of topographers, camera men, and studio authors, that certain things had happened in certain places. For that is the function of documents as we now understand them, and a historian who went to see "The People of the Cumberland" (Frontier Films) or "The Fight for Peace" (Warwick Films: The Criterion Theater) would ask for nothing more.

From neither film, nor from any documentary film I have

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ever seen, would he get even this much. For the makers of such films do not bother with evidence as a historian understands evidence. The starving Tennessee woman who stands on her rickety porch with a starving baby in her arms is not *proved* to be a Tennessee woman, nor is it *proved* that the present organization of society is responsible for her condition; just as it is not *proved* later on that a lot of happy men pitching horseshoes are happy because they have joined the United Mine Workers of America. The historian might believe both things as a human being, and I hope he would; as a historian he would have to point out that he had so far examined no documents, and that the accompaniment of the commentator was anything on earth but proof. The point is not a trifling one. It has everything to do with the question whether one *must* believe the documentary film as we have it, and I am afraid the answer is no. The fact that I believed both of the films in question needs to mean no more than that I went in perfect sympathy with their aims. Had I gone in the opposite mind I need not have been convinced, for there was no systematic effort to convince me. I might even have remarked that the impassioned voice of the commentator reminded me of complaints I had heard against the voice of Hitler.

But assuming that what we get is truly documentary evidence, what must we believe as a result of seeing it? "The Fight for Peace," which Hendrik Willem Van Loon has assembled from the morgue of contemporary war pictures, shows Japan, Italy, and Germany killing people in China, Ethiopia, and Spain; we see children being dug out of rubble, adults being hauled away in heaps, old men lying in black pools on pavements. What shall we believe; or rather, what shall we do? It may be worth recording that members of the audience which saw "The Fight for Peace" with me broke into hysterical laughter. The fact that they did so was shocking to me, yet it suggests that they had been shocked also, and to no useful end; the shock, perhaps, had been an end in itself. This in turn makes it possible to believe that certain others derived a perverted pleasure from the horrors before them; or that a Spaniard of the rebel persuasion would have said to himself: "This is what the Loyalists are doing to *my* people"; or that to a non-resistant nothing would have been signified save that war is abominable and that it takes two sides to fight one. Documents can mean too many things. They are knives with double edges, and we had better study how to hold them.

MARK VAN DOREN

ART

The Cloisters and their Art

THE Cloisters, the culminant point of interest in Fort Tryon Park, is a bit theatrical. The edifice itself is a version of a Romanesque abbey with Gothic additions and a dovecote belfry. The ledges of rock on which it rises have been landscaped with crab-apple trees recalling the orchards and groves which surrounded the ancient monasteries. The approach to the abbey is over paths paved with Belgian

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blocks and resembling the cobbled narrow ways of medieval towns. Inside, as one passes through somewhat medievally illuminated Romanesque and Gothic chapels, halls, and cloisters; by tapestries and tombs, statues, altar-pieces, and panes of stained glass, one has the illusion of old-world Europe. One is within a Benedictine monastery in the south of France or an old ecclesiastical palace in Spain, hearing the stern bell toll the hours of nones or complines. On a terrace one finds oneself in an herb and flower garden of the Middle Ages, flanked with espaliers.

Yet almost priceless symbols have been incorporated in this museum seriously and generously intended to represent the Romanesque and Gothic experience in our tradition. Four cloisters reconstructed from beautiful architectural elements dating from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries and originally the arched walks of four French monasteries are included in it. Structural elements from the chapter-house of another French monastery and from the choir of a church, and over thirty medieval doorways, windows, and panes of stained glass have also functionally been incorporated. The building, besides, contains many French, Spanish, and German sculptures and paintings. And at least five of these symbols are expressions of the very first water.

One of these five is the series of six tapestries representing the Hunt of the Unicorn. They are the freshest, most intricately detailed Gothic tapestries in America, and among the choicest of their sort. Another of the gems is the pair of rare thirteenth-century frescoes from the monastery of San Pedro de Arlanza. Their designs are powerful and brilliant. Still another is the great twelfth-century Spanish crucifix, so classic in its calm, chaste representation of divine love, so Christian in its tenderness and humanity. A fourth is the cross with its tender surmounting figures which stands in the fountain in the cloister from Trie. And the last, the center of the structure and surely its greatest glory, is the reconstructed roseate marble cloister of the abbey of Saint-Michel-de-Cuxa. Its superb, fierce, solid capitals, abaci, bases, shafts, and arches alone would constitute the valid object of a pilgrimage.

And in the splendor of the collection one soon forgets the feeling of the theater. Perhaps it was practically unavoidable, the romanticism. Some sort of eclectic framework was rendered almost obligatory by the character of the symbols which had to be rehoused. And it is pleasant to notice the success of some of the compartments. The Romanesque hall and chapel are especially good.

There is a possibility that certain objects, in particular the wonderful Spanish crucifix, have been hung a bit altitudinously. The American love of heights would seem to have misled the curators. Yet all in all, the presentation is quite worthy of a collection on which great earnestness and love have evidently been lavished. And while the ensemble may be a luxury to those who are able leisurely to study the Romanesque and Gothic experience and achievement abroad, for the rest of us it is a boon. Like no museum in this country and like very few in the world, it permits us to approach the "white soul" which Huysmans called the Middle Ages', and which lives on somewhere in all of us. And needless to remark, the landscaping is wholly delightful; and the view of the vernal Hudson afforded by certain terraces and inclines, characteristically noble.

PAUL ROSENFELD

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Letters to the Editors

Pacifism and Egoism

Dear Sirs: I don't know whether the Washington Merry-Go-Round gave a fair report of Miss Dorothy Detzer's remarks at the Soviet dinner. If it did, I should respectfully challenge Miss Kirchwey's description of Miss Detzer as "the best exponent of pacifism." Pacifism, more than any other creed, demands cogent thinking and a conciliatory temper. I could not detect either of these qualities in Miss Detzer.

If America is "a pool of sanity," it can only be because we are firmly resolved to stay out of war, that is, never to fight for any interests except our own —*sacro egoismo* of the most obvious kind. Sir Willmot Lewis was perfectly justified in claiming that England is simply following America's admirable example. England is unwilling to fight for Ethiopia, Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, or China, just as we are. She accepts loss of prestige and loss of trade —so do we—rightly persuaded that such losses are infinitesimal compared with the moral and material cost of war. She would fight for Belgium, no doubt—just as we would fight for the Caribbean.

The one drawback of this self-centered policy is that it encourages the Dynamic Nations to grab whatever they fancy. As Miss Detzer said, pointing an accusing finger at the British Tories, it is responsible for most of the tragedy of Europe, the march of Hitlerism, the catastrophe in Spain. The British and ourselves have served notice upon the world that we would not lift our little finger in defense of law and order so long as our own security was not directly threatened. This is international anarchy, and its fruit is eternal war.

European correspondents write me that they are pretty tired of those virtuous Americans who reproach France, for instance, for not checking Franco—and thereby facing war with Hitler and Mussolini. These exponents of pacifism are eager to defend the principles of justice—in tirades against England, and even if it should involve the sacrifice of the very last Englishman. As for our own contribution—we thank the Lord that we have created a pool of sanity over here, which we must preserve and keep for ourselves.

True pacifism means accepting the law and supporting the police. But William Randolph Hearst, the *New Republic,* and Miss Dorothy Detzer prefer "the little pool of sanity."

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Stanford University, Cal., May 5

The Middle West Is Talking

Dear Sirs: I notice that Paul Anderson chided Phil La Follette for not consulting Senator Norris in advance about his new party. There are a handful of old progressives out here who remember that Senator Norris did not go along with Old Bob La Follette in his bid for the Presidency in 1924.

Make no mistake about it, this movement is bigger than the La Follettes. What you hear is the Middle West talking.

JACK INGOLD

Madison, Wis., May 6

Franco Prepares for Tourists

Dear Sirs: A recent dispatch in the New York *Times* announces that General Franco is making arrangements for the reception of the tourist trade in Spain this summer, and I am writing to inquire if someone could inform me if there are going to be any personally conducted tours.

According to the account in the *Times,* no expense has been spared to make Spain an agreeable resort this summer. General Franco, for example, has ordered forty new and brightly painted char-à-bancs, which will swiftly transport the tourists from one end of his beautiful country to the other. In addition, it is understood that he has not only taken considerable pains in the work of restoring and preserving the most notable of the ancient ruins, but has also shown extraordinary ingenuity in the creation of new ones. For my part, although I by no means share the too general lack of veneration for the monuments of antiquity, I must confess that on the whole the evidences of the modern spirit are more exciting to me. If I had to choose between two sets of ruins, I should be inclined to visit the new ones rather than the old.

To mention but a few that have already suggested themselves to my awakened curiosity—I should like to visit the various craters and ruined masonries throughout the town of Barcelona, paying particular attention to the subway entrance where a bomb exploded and killed 126 men, women, and children. I should like to visit the ruins of Madrid, the ruined villages around Teruel; and being of a religious turn of mind, I should like to pay a visit of devotion to the chapel, a photograph of which was recently reproduced in the press, where General Franco's wife and daughter go to offer prayers for the success of the Defender of the Faith.

THOMAS WOLFE

New York, May 11

Records from Germany?

Dear Sirs: It is not generally known that the Columbia Phonograph Company imports recordings from Nazi Germany which it sells to the public without so much as stating "Recorded in Germany," though the records do bear the words "imported recording." By looking at Gieseking's two recent concerto recordings, one may easily discover where they come from, since he is accompanied by the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra. There are other recordings in which Gieseking is unaccompanied, and it is more than likely that these too were recorded in Germany.

It is fair to presume that your readers favor the boycott of all goods coming from Nazi Germany and that many of them would not purchase records the originals of which were imported from Germany. I think it is the duty of your critic to call their attention to German recordings. Mr. Haggin is a competent and observant critic. He must have suspected that some of these records and recordings were German imports; yet if he has uttered one word to that effect in your columns, it has completely escaped me.

PHILIP GLABERMAN

New York, May 5

Mr. Haggin Explains

Dear Sirs: When the Columbia Phonograph Company states on the label of a record that Gieseking is accompanied by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, it reveals the fact that the recording was made in Germany more effectively than it conceals this fact with the phrase "imported recording." Nor is concealment its object in using this phrase: "imported recording" has always been stamped on re-pressings from European

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masters, whether English, French, German, or Austrian; and in the case of the Gieseking record Columbia imported the recording not from Germany but from England. Gieseking records for English Columbia and in England, except in the two or three recent instances of concertos which English Columbia arranged to have recorded for itself in Berlin, and it is to English Columbia that American Columbia pays the re-pressing fees and Gieseking's royalties.

When I reviewed Columbia's set of Mozart's Concerto K. 271 last summer, I mentioned that Gieseking was accompanied by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra. When I reviewed the Brunswick list of a year ago, I said that it was a new series of re-pressings from Polydor; I mentioned the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, the Berlin Philharmonic under Furtwängler; I spoke of Völker and Patzak as German tenors, and associated with them other singers whose names were obviously German.

It is true that I might have uttered a few more words, but not so many as Mr. Glaberman excitedly thinks. The Brunswick-Polydor list aside, the two or three recent Gieseking sets of concertos are the only ones Columbia has issued that were made in Germany. Gieseking's other records were made in England.

B. H. HAGGIN

New York, May 10

Progress Through Reaction

Dear Sirs: In the issue of April 30 *The Nation* exhorts the La Follettes to be careful lest they start a three-cornered fight in 1940 which will put a tory Republican into office and give him a Republican Congress. Yet it is possible that a reactionary administration in 1940 might be the best possible thing for a progressive movement. It will be very difficult to get a realignment of parties so long as the Democratic Party is in power because the liberal leaders will tolerate such reactionary local governments as Mayor Hague's in Jersey City in order not to lose their votes, and the reactionary Democrats will stay with the party so as to keep it from going too far to the left.

As *The Nation* says, it will be impossible for a third party to win in 1940. But one might add that it will be quite as impossible for a third party to win in 1944 if the Democratic Party is left intact, and that it will be just as impossible to get a Democratic Party in either 1940 or 1944 that will be progressive.

If we should allow the Republicans to win in 1940, they would surely bring the country to such a state that in 1944 a progressive party would stand a very good chance of winning over both the old ones.

CLARENCE ARMSTRONG

Warners, N. Y., May 2

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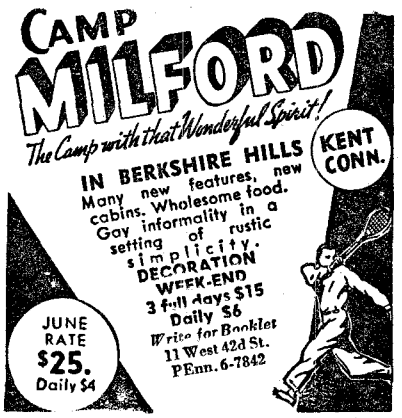
CORRECTION: **In the May 14 issue of *The Nation* the Green Mansion ad stated that charge for the entire week-end would be $23.50 and that the *special June rate* was $23.50. This was an error. For correct rates see above.**



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